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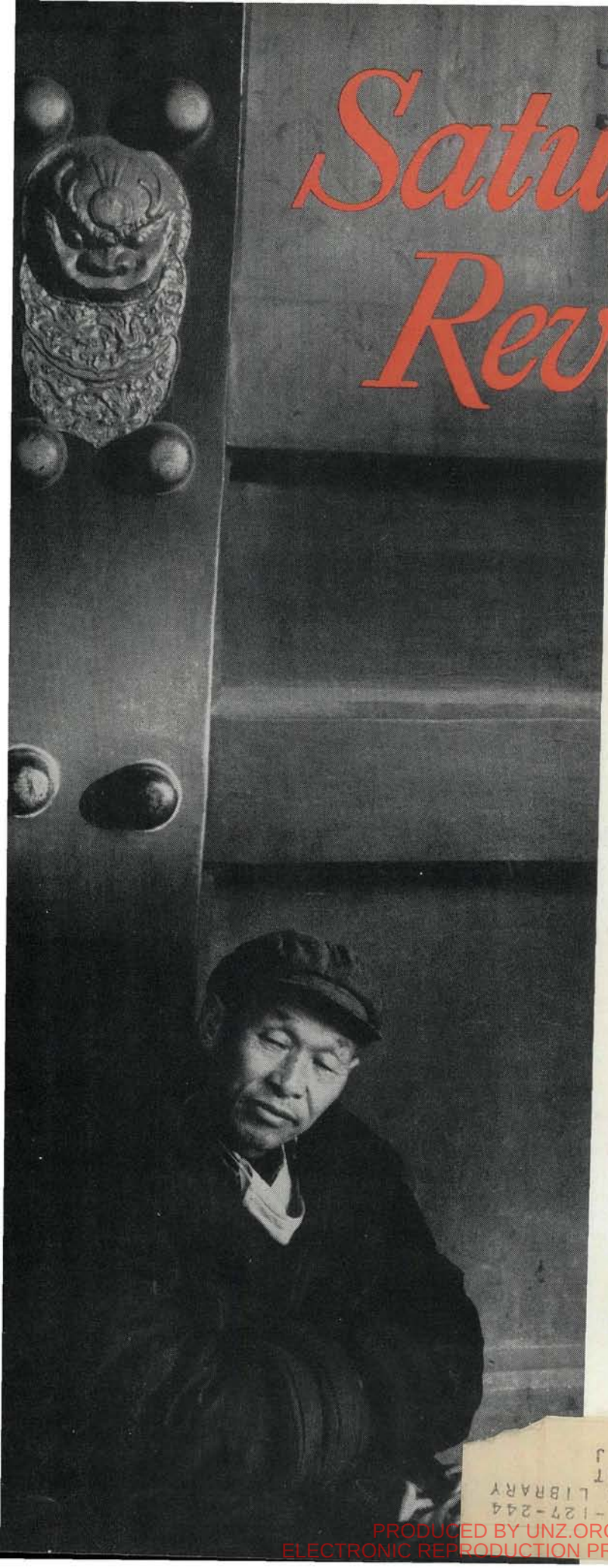

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(Advertisement)

This is San Francisco year in the "Editor-at-Large" column. A few weeks ago, I confessed to being one of San Francisco's subway alumni, a person who has never lived there but loves the place.

San Francisco is still on my mind. Recently, I picked up a new novel written by Doubleday's San Francisco editor, William Kelley. Perhaps the most telling of my several reactions is that it made me forget it was written by a fellow worker.

"Gemini" is uproarious. It is also lusty, bawdy, and moving. It is the story of a young man, Bascomb McGoslin, who is in love with a phenomenally physical girl. She is so physical, so alive in appetites and emotions, that under her sheer impact upon his senses, Bascomb flees to the Church. What follows is the absorbing, day by day record of one candidate's life in a seminary near Boston.

If Kelley's novel of a man torn between what used to be called the pleasures of the flesh and the peace and promise of monasticism seems irreverent; if his descriptions, more like those of a military academy or boarding school seem outrageous; it may be because, as in the love story, his deepest love is almost concealed by the earthiness of its surface. Bascomb leaves the seminary, but not before we have met inside and outside it a group of wonderful characters.

What an exciting thing to discover talent sitting beside you.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"GEMINI" ($4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22. Bill Kelley may be heard on "Publisher's Report", KPFA-FM, Berkeley, California, on Wednesday evenings at 8:30 P.M. His book purchased from any one of San Francisco's excellent booksellers or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in the Fisher Building, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Saturday Review

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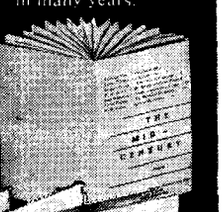

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TRADE Winds

THE HOTTEST MANUSCRIPT extant at the present moment is not on the desk of any publisher, but is sealed tightly and lying in the vaults of a New York City courthouse. It is a presentment handed up by the Third September 1958 Grand Jury, the result of almost nine months' investigation into certain aspects of television quiz programs. Not the least interested party in unveiling these secret contents is the District Attorney's office of the County of New York, which has filed an impassioned brief in an attempt to stir Judge Mitchell D. Schweitzer to reverse his own decision and release the information to the citizenry.

In the brief is quoted an eloquent letter sent to the Grand Jury Association of New York County from one of the most successful contestants ever to appear on the big-gun quiz shows. His identity is not yet revealed.

Prompted by "the controversy which has resulted from the impounding of the presentment" and the ex-contestant's inability to live with "the personal feelings of shame which confront me daily," and unable to "ignore the insidious effect on the legal structure by those who violate decency, then are protected by the same structure," this gentleman has offered publicly to sacrifice his good name "in the hope that it will in some small way help to prevent the concealment of the truth when that concealment does other than serve decency and justice."

AS THIS COLUMN IS BEING WRITTEN (in mid-September), all is relatively quiet on the Potomac. But on October

6, the chances are that Washington will be as unhinged as the day Lee and Stonewall Jackson pushed across White's Ford and into the soft underbelly of the state of Maryland.

On this forthcoming date, the House Committee on Legislative Oversight will begin hearings to determine what, if anything, is wrong with our laws which might permit the wholesale duping of the mass television audiences. The Committee has been granted the privilege of peeking into the sealed presentment and minutes of the Grand Jury, and the chances are that a few witnesses will be appearing whose names will not exactly be obscure to the man on the street in Keokuk, Iowa, or Duluth, Minnesota.

THE COMMITTEE WILL be aiming at very clear targets. If the facts are that this massive deception has taken place, the Committee feels that public interest demands one of two things: are the existing statutes adequate? If so, why hasn't the FCC and FTC taken action? If the statutes are vague and need tightening, then the Committee will try to find out from the two agencies what they need to clarify the whole situation.

THE LULL ALONG the Potomac, before the possible storm, extends to New York, where most persons even remotely involved with the previous doings are as anxious to avoid answering questions as they were to attempt to answer them when $64,000 and more were at stake.

Jack Barry, who with Dan Enright formerly produced "21," says, "The investigation is still going along right now, and until it's over, I don't feel we should make a statement. Be glad to talk after that."

Joyce Brothers, now conducting her own shows on the NBC-TV flagship station in New York, says, "I can only speak from my own experience on 'The $64,000 Question' and 'Challenge,' but I found everything connected with these shows completely honest and above-board."

MOST ARTICULATE of the ex-contestants is Herb Stempel, one of the first to bring the firecrackers into the open. Now in the process of completing his Ph.D. at NYU, he is adamant in his charges that his experience with "21" was completely rigged at its most critical points.

"A lot of people have wondered about my motivation to expose the fix, and I think the answer to that is quite clear," he told us recently. "It was not a feeling of personal vindictiveness, but rather a strong guilt feeling that I had myself engaged in the fraud for too long a time. I have nothing against quiz shows *per se*, but I do have strong feelings against rigged questions, planned dumping of the contestants, pre-planned ceilings to the amount of cash the contestant will

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There is no doubt that this has been one of the biggest factors in the boom the electronics industry is enjoying today.

BIG HELP FOR SMALL BUSINESS and a big help for us too. Western Electric Company representative (left) discusses order with one of its many small business suppliers. Item purchased here is the spring used in the dial of Bell telephones. Millions are bought every year.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

actually get, and assuming characteristics and clothes which were not mine for the sake of hoking up the show.

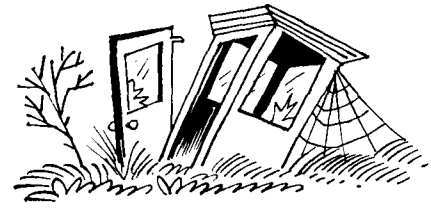
"I think the hearings will blast the whole situation wide open, that the Grand Jury was more than charitable in turning up a presentment rather than indictments. My guess is that the House Committee isn't particularly interested in sending anyone to the pen, but that it does want to get all the facts out on the table, and these are a long way from being there at present. The evidence which has piled up is incontrovertible. Everybody would be a lot better off if they came out with the full facts, took a deep breath, and faced the music.

"I think what I resent most about the whole thing is that I went into the game with the idea of engaging in a contest of knowledge, and ended up trying to play along with a lot of trickery.

"On top of that, when I took my planned nose dive, I was forced to go out on a question about a motion picture which I had seen only three days before. This can be embarrassing.

"Anyone who took the time to study the pattern of the questions and answers and behavior of contestants could have discerned that these shows were the greatest violators of the laws of average in history."

THE TAMED AND EMASCULATED versions of the quiz shows continue on the air today, but the pressures of the big-time games are off—and with them, the audience ratings. The long, quiet lull over the past year has brought with it nothing new or spectacular in the quiz area, ever since, as *Variety* might put it, Hix Nix Fix As Quiz Biz Fizzes. The big chips—both money and charges



—have fallen where they may, and only the New York D.A.'s office and the House Committee on Legislative Oversight know exactly what might be coming up in the next few days.

In the daytime quizzes, "Concentration" has taken the lead with Hugh Downs as emcee, who combines incorruptibility with a quiet and educated wit. On the Shopping News section of the defunct "Home" show Downs once refused to say, "I particularly like this piece of luggage here . . ." because he did *not* like the luggage at all and was damned if he'd go that far overboard.

Isolation booths are either rusting in the pasture, or might be responsible

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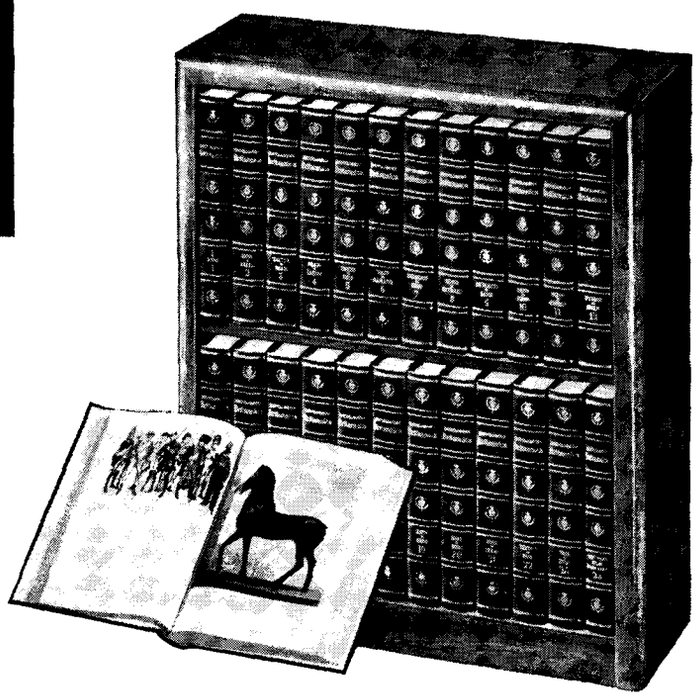

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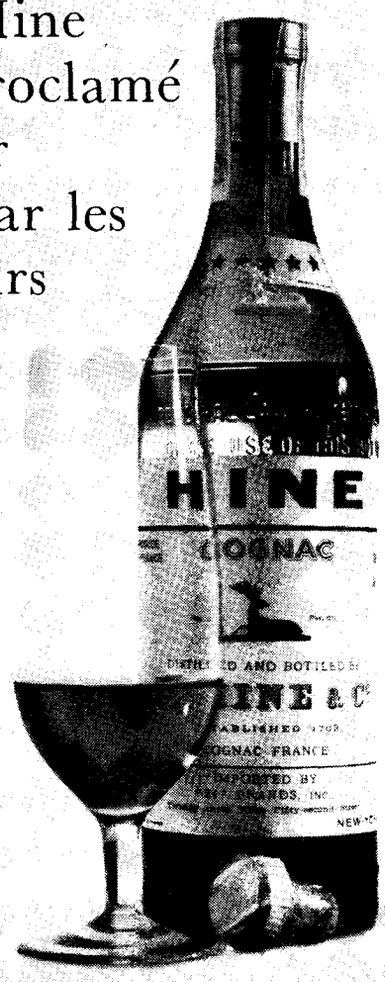

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for the wild uprising of the glass phone booths found along country roads all over the place these days.

Irita Van Doren, literary editor of the *New York Herald Tribune* book section, is no longer affectionately called "Charley's Aunt."

A jittery quiet prevails along Madison Avenue.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, when a lot of knowledge wasn't so dangerous a thing as it is at the moment, some of the contestants managed to use their winnings in imaginative and stirring ways

The story goes that Jockey Billy Pearson arranged with Burl Ives to get a party going full swing, in case he should hit the jackpot summit. Champagne if he did—beer if he didn't. He did.

The party was intense, it is reported, and Pearson literally put his winning check in the ice tray for safekeeping. Taking it out the next morning, it broke into several pieces, but that didn't prevent the dauntless pair from taking it to the bank, cashing it after several confirming phone calls, and starting down Fifth Avenue from 57th Street with the single purpose of spending the money before they reached 42nd Street —an average of about $4,200 per block. After getting rid of about $20,000 in presents and clothes, they gave up at a pub on 48th Street.

In a recent letter to us Billy Pearson writes, "Where and when will it all stop? Why next, someone may even stand up and say, 'horseracing is crooked,' and then where will we all be? Or rather where will I be, seeing as how I am both a quiz contestant and a jockey? So I think it best for all to stop these investigations before someone like myself stands up and says, 'Let's get a committee to investigate the committee that's doing the investigating.'

P.S. I spent all of the dough ($170,000) and I enjoyed every minute of it, and only wished I had a chance to do it again (spend it, I mean)."

These wild and foolish days are, for the sake of sanity, probably over. But there is no doubt that some color will be missing from the American landscape from now on in. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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Wade Hampton sent a basket of partridges and ducks to Mistress Boozer bidding her use her charm and influence to organize a "helping hand" group to care for the wounded. That is—if war and wounded actually came to South Carolina!

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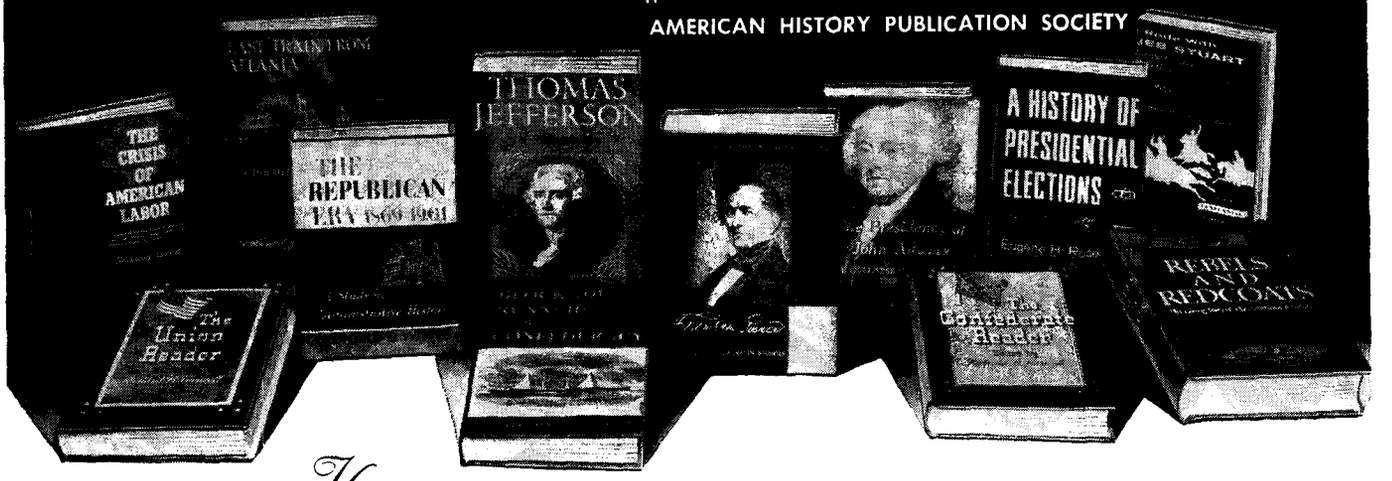

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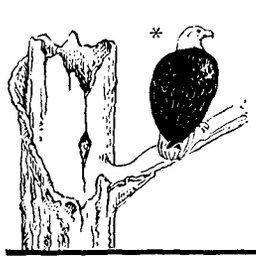

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* Illustrations from *A Natural History of New York City*—others from *The Ape in Me*

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 10, 1959

BIG SELL IN THE COLD WAR

"There are so many newsmen reporting his [Mr. Khrushchev's] trip that they change the course of events. They are not the obscure witnesses of history, but the principal characters in the drama. Most of the time Mr. Khrushchev is addressing them, or addressing others with them in mind. . . . Rarely in the history of journalism have so many resourceful scribblers kept each other from following closely such a major event. Rarely have they written so much about a person they cannot hear and often cannot see. . . . Mr. Khrushchev . . . is less interested in seeing America than in having the world see him in America, and for this purpose the reporters, photographers, technicians and all their gear are not only useful but indispensable. Millions of feet of film have been taken on this astonishing odyssey. If it were all put together it would produce a remarkably accurate but devastating record of the 'new diplomacy.'"

—James Reston in The New York Times, *Sept. 24, 1959.*

By DAVID FINN, *who is president of a public relations firm in New York.*

BANNER headlines, page-one publicity, seventy-two-point type—these are among today's most potent weapons in the arsenal of competitive ideologies. The nuclear contest between the Big Two is relinquishing the arena to the biggest show on earth: the public opinion competitions of the free and totalitarian worlds. The initial function of public relations—to win admiration and influence buyers—has ballooned to global dimensions: mighty nations are jockeying with the techniques of Madison Avenue. And to the power that captures the most news space goes the day's laurels.

Recent weeks have offered glittering examples: the trip of Chairman Khrushchev to the United States; President Eisenhower's triumphant tour of Europe; the Soviet moon rocket, etc.

Who is winning this public relations battle—the East or the West? How determine—when each morning brings new news to tip the scale in another direction? Which will top the other tomorrow with spectacular scientific achievement, artistic performance, cultural exhibition? Which will offer the most winning personal appeals from government leaders, make the most telling political gesture, get the best break by sheer chance? The sharpest blow is always the most recent, blurring the impact of those in the past.

At best, determining public relations progress—in any field—is a difficult task. In America, PR is evaluated in terms of the success of ventures that it strives to support. A political candidate either wins or loses an election; a product sells or it flops; the price of a stock goes up or it doesn't; a fund-raising drive produces the desired amount of money or does not. In broader, long-term programs, opinion surveys can try to measure changes in attitudes. But in current world affairs there is no clear-cut decision that cut mark the ultimate returns of the campaign, nor is there any possibility of measuring opinion changes when the scope of battle is so vast and the pace so swift. To borrow an image from Albert Schweitzer, we are in a vast ocean swimming desperately for shore, only to discover that there is no shore, and the only place we can look for progress is in ourselves, the swimmers.

The swimmers whose views are most significant are experts in international relations, and there is no lack of published commentaries by them. Each has his own way of scoring the contest; some give the East more points, some the West. An increasing number of these authorities have been using the term "public relations" in their analysis; but the entire field is relatively new and is still developing its disciplines.

It seems important, therefore, in spite of the difficulties of gaining a factual and sustained perspective on the public relations balance between the two powers, to take a professional look at what has been happening, and see why, as I believe, the Russians may be, in general, outdistancing us. In doing so I must point out that, though experienced in public relations, I am a layman in international politics. Also since it is impossible to get hard facts upon which to form an opinion, whatever appraisal I can make is based on purely public relations judgment.

It seems to me that the Russians have shown to advantage for the following reasons:

1. *They have a good sense of timing and the dramatic.* Nothing can be more important in public relations activity than the knack for making exciting news at the right time. It is this quality of showmanship that enabled P. T. Barnum to give such an impetus to organized public relations practice early in the century. The Russians have demonstrated their proficiency with the technique. They withheld announcement of their first hydrogen-bomb explosion and permitted us to break the news for them, making it even more overwhelming. Silent about their satellite failures, they reported their successes with consummate finesse. They never made ex-

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cessively boastful claims (comparable with our calling the hydrogen-bomb explosion in outer space "the most important scientific experiment of all time") and showed enough restraint to delay an announcement until a day or two after the launching, when success was indisputable. When the Soviet exhibition opened in New York. Frol Kozlov flew here in the new giant airliner, in case visitors seeing the model of the plane at the exhibition should be doubtful of its existence. Moreover, when the plane first landed, it was closed to the public until a proper representation could be made; and even then they indulged in no bombast about its being "the largest plane in the world." The factual dimensions were given, the comparisons were left for us to discuss. Finally, the moon-shot timed to coincide with Khrushchev's visit was a dramatic masterpiece. All of these were brilliant public relations successes.

2. *The Soviets have usually managed to seize the offensive.* One of the cardinal rules of public relations is to be aggressive and positive. The Russians have tried to do this at every turn. They have posed as the champions of peace, disarmament and Asian-African freedom. In the U.S. the President talks about controls, but the Atomic Energy Commission advocates even greater stress on nuclear arms. The Russians say let's have a summit meeting anywhere, anytime, under any conditions. We say let's only have a summit meeting if the foreign ministers first come to some preliminary agreement.

This is not to suggest that their position has been sounder or wiser than ours from a political point of view. But from the standpoint of public relations, they have had a definite advantage. This, in spite of the fact that only a few short years ago their repeated vetoes in the Security Council stamped them as negative negotiators in international affairs.

3. *The Soviet government has been in the propaganda business on a full-time basis.* Studies of public opinion in the Soviet Union reveal how well integrated are all the means of mass communication and education. Books, motion pictures, magazines, radio and television, art, music are all coordinated to express a single view of the world and its events.

We resent this monolithic approach to news, and feel that it breeds deception and illusion. Properly so. We worry when public relations practitioners in this country appear to exert too much influence on the press, blocking criticism of their clients and reducing diversity of opinion. Again, properly so. We know that the danger of a controlled press is that people can be whipped into a frenzy by irresponsible power groups who lie without conscience But, nonetheless, our government is unduly hampered in advancing to the public the very ideas it feels essential to its policy.

4. *The USSR's dream and drive have both been clearly conceived.* Public relations cannot be fabricated out of thin air. Its primary substance is inner conviction and determination. People without a sense of destiny about what they are doing cannot sell others. If a thermometer could be invented to take the temperature of Soviet drive as compared with ours in the struggle up until now, the reading would show the Russian to be the more feverish. American journalists who visit the Soviet Union report that its people, though proud of their achievements thus far, are dedicated to catching up and eventually surpassing us. It's a vital, self-renewing drive. We have been complacent, confident that we have already achieved the ideal except for minor adjustments here and there. The Soviets feel they have a great idea to sell the world, and they are dedicated to making the sale. We had an idea once, and we struggle every now and then to recapture its zest; but we are so impressed with our material success that the vitality of our spiritual conviction seems forced and artificial.

5. *The Russians have spent money where it counted.* Their exhibition in New York is reported to have cost $12,-000,000; the American exhibition in Moscow is supposed to have cost $5,-000,000, of which the government only paid about half, and private industry the rest. At the Brussels fair there was a similar imbalance; in trade fairs around the world it has been the same. It was obvious at the last Olympic competition that the Russians had organized a campaign to train athletes so they could run off with the honors. Their diplomats are expected to know the languages and customs of the countries in which they are stationed. Their expenditures for scientific research have enabled them to take a startling lead at the most important and dramatic frontier of our time. They are out to win prizes, gain honors, draw crowds—the traditional targets of public relations activity. We seek them only at a price, and the price is far too low in the intense competition we are facing.

* * *

Obviously, a public relations sense is nothing that can be easily taught, nor can it be fabricated by an experienced professional. While Carlyle's great-man theory may not be sound history, his insights into the personal qualities of leadership reveal a monumental truth for the practice of public relations a leader must have the capacity to fire the imagination of the people if events are going to move forward under his direction

While few statistics are available, journalists who have seen both the Russians and the Americans in action have not found us wanting in professional public relations talent. We have the most highly developed mass-communications industry in the world in our advertising agencies, public relations firms, marketing, merchandising, packaging, publishing, and other services. Our work in social psychology is advanced. How, then, could improved technical facility help our cause?

It is generally conceded that the handling of our satellite-launching program, as compared with Russia s sputnik spectacular provides the prototype of what s wrong with our public relations. And yet, the step-by-step procedure of how our program was handled by the military specialists is used in propaganda schools as a technical classic! This is not an illusion: technically it was handled as efficiently as possible. The failure was more basic than mechanical.

In the July issue of *Public Relations Journal* Senator Mundt called for a Department of International Public Relations for the U.S. He cited the difficulty of coordinating the many programs aimed at achieving good will, the inconsistencies that appear in presentations by different agencies, and the poor impressions created by the uninformed cocktail party-goer as he travels abroad. He is convinced that public relations experts could make a significant contribution. In a recent newspaper roving-reporter query (July 19, 1959), several interviewees thought we would be better off if public-opinion specialists could play a part in shaping our foreign policy.

There is no doubt that more and better communications specialists could make our information program more effective, but the basic problem cannot be solved by technical improvements. President Heuss of Germany has said, and rightly so, that the U.S. needs a creative approach to solving problems, instead of bigger and better platforms on which to sound off.

His point is valid because public relations activity is fatuous when used as trimming for a campaign that isn't accomplishing what it should.

We have attempted to cloak our faults with exaggerated claims about our virtues, instead of trying honestly to give the facts. Yet public relations as a posture in human relations is as old as history, and the question of when it is valid and when it is not has never been settled. The purpose of the posture is to make the other fellow think you're

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serving his best interests by selling him your product. Some have said the deception inherent in this approach is the essence of what is wrong with society but suggest that unless a man wishes to become an anchorite he must learn to live with it. Others have felt that much good can come from it since it facilitates communication by enabling one person to talk to another in terms of the latter's interests. In the mass society of today its weaknesses and dangers are magnified, as well as its potential for good. But still no rule has emerged by which we can easily determine where good PR ends and bad PR begins.

In the world of commerce one way to secure better public relations is to make a superior product. The Russian sputniks make for better public relations than our satellites because they are bigger, more impressive in their performance. But how about the hundreds of areas in which our product is better; can they somehow become the key to improved public relations?

Or must we finally consider the possibility that the difficulty is more basic? Are we failing because we lack the inner resources as a people, as a movement, as a culture? Is the blundering and confusion that has marked our public relations the sign of a serious flaw, which the Russians detected long ago, which the rest of the world has since discovered, and which we have stubbornly refused to recognize until now when the dread of its knowledge has begun to grow in our hearts? Are we clinging to an idea which has lost its vitality?

In my opinion, it would be as much of an error to infer such a tragic state of affairs from a public relations weakness as it would be to assume that public relations could cure the illness if it actually did exist.

What, then, is the answer? If we cannot improve our position by more public relations, less public relations, or a different kind of public relations, and can't blame the deficiency of our product, how can we match the prowess shown by the Russians? The key may prove to be the quality of public leadership which Eisenhower, together with those around him and those who will succeed him, is able to exhibit in the months and years to come. In all public relations efforts, the pattern originates at the top. If we need to be galvanized as a people so that we perform well in the world public eye, no massive training effort can do the job. But dynamic and intuitive leadership can teach us to stop looking backwards at what we want to preserve and instead look forward to the immense progress we want to achieve.

Nixon in Russia and Eisenhower in

(*Continued on page 55*)

—*Wide World.*

September 2. President Eisenhower stands on the podium of the Paris Town Hall with President de Gaulle, responding to a cheering crowd.

—*Wide World.*

August 20. Vice President Nixon shown receiving flowers from a group of small girls at Babice military airport as he arrived from Russian tour.

—*UPI*

The gentleman is not running for political office in the U.S. He is the leading office holder in the USSR and engaged in a person-to-person program.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Brooks on Howells

By Granville Hicks

THE VAN WYCK BROOKS of "America's Coming - of - Age" (1915) and "Letters and Leadership" (1918) was an iconoclast, a tough fellow who sat in judgment on American life and literature and found them both wanting. We had had, he granted, great men of letters: "to me, at least, Thoreau, Emerson, Poe, and Hawthorne are possessions forever." But they were not great enough to cope with the iniquities of our materialistic American civilization: "Not one of them, not all of them, have had the power to move the soul of America from the accumulation of dollars."

It was Brooks the iconoclast who wrote "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" (1920) and "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" (1925). In both Twain and James, Brooks found much to admire, but it was clear to him that neither had been able to put up an effective resistance to the evils of American life. Those evils had diverted Twain from true greatness and made him a mere entertainer. James they had sent into exile and, as a consequence, Brooks argued, his later work had become pale and insubstantial.

It was not Brooks the iconoclast who wrote "The Flowering of New England" (1936) and the succeeding volumes of "Makers and Finders: A History of the Writer in America, 1800-1915." Here, on the contrary, was a Brooks who was determined to make the most of every writer he talked about, and he talked about hundreds. In his hands, as Edmund Wilson remarked, many writers seemed vastly more interesting than, when one got around to reading them, they turned out to be.

Critics—I hope—are as much entitled to a change of heart as anyone else, but one cannot simply say that Brooks has grown mellower as the years have gone by. His history of American literature ends, in "The Confident Years" (1952), on a rather testy note, for he deplores the influence in our time of Joyce, Proust, Lawrence, Pound, and especially T. S. Eliot. He had already attacked these writers in "Opinions of Oliver Allston" (1941), and he renewed the attack, in more general terms, in "The Writer in America" (1953).

The Brooks who wrote **"Howells: His Life and World"** (Dutton, $5) is the appreciative, not the iconoclastic, Brooks. Brooks has not always thought well of Howells. Just fifty years ago, according to Edwin Cady, Brooks, after interviewing Howells, wrote that he "has never surprised anybody, thrilled anybody, shocked anybody. His career and his works alike seem devoid of inspired moments." As Cady points out, Brooks subsequently admitted that at the time he had read only one of Howells's novels, but some years later, in "Letters and Leadership," he wrote three denunciatory pages. Quoting Howells's famous assertion that "the more smiling aspects of life" are the more American, he inquired, "Could one ask for a more essential declaration of artistic bankruptcy than that?" Today, however, Brooks speaks of Howells with great gentleness.

Let me make it clear here and now that the "Howells" is in its own way a first-rate book. Nobody does this sort of thing as well as Brooks. He is perfectly familiar not only with the major novels but also with the minor ones, and with the plays, stories, poems, and essays as well, and of course he knows all the books that were written by all of Howells's innumerable acquaintances. He weaves a dazzling fabric of quotations, paraphrases, and allusions. As in "Makers and Finders," the footnotes—usually admirably chosen quotations—are as enjoyable as the text.

What the book tries to do, and all that it tries to do, is to paint a portrait of Howells as a man of letters. Brooks

begins in 1860 with a twenty-three-year-old Howells at the outset of his literary career, and he describes his boyhood only briefly and retrospectively. Of Howells's private life—for example, the breakdown he suffered while writing "A Modern Instance"—he says next to nothing. The Howells we see is almost always the public figure. We see him with his friends, among whom were numbered most of the important writers in America and some of those in Europe; we see him on his travels, and he was, as Brooks says, something of a nomad; above all, we see him in his study, an indefatigable worker, almost as highly disciplined as Anthony Trollope.

It is an attractive portrait. Howells's integrity as a writer, his warmth and generosity as a friend, the modesty with which he accepted his responsibility as America's leading man of letters—all these are fine traits. And Brooks places this figure against a solid background, built out of his unparalleled familiarity with American writing, so that we understand how much Howells meant to his contemporaries and why.

What the book doesn't try to do is to assess the career it so brilliantly describes. I don't mean that it is barren of critical judgments. Brooks may speak of "The Quality of Mercy" as "really a masterpiece," or he may observe that Howells's books about England are comparable with James's "The American Scene." In the same way he may describe "Annie Kilburn" as a failure, or may note that "The Coast of Bohemia" is "weak indeed." But there is no comprehensive evaluation, no attempt to say what the body of Howells's work should mean to us today.

Nor is this lack surprising. The iconoclastic Brooks has always attacked writers—Twain and James, Joyce and Eliot—for not being writers of some quite different kind; he has judged them in terms of what they were not rather than in terms of what they were. The bland Brooks has delighted in taking writers as he found them, but his aim has been description, not criticism. Neither Brooks seems willing to make a critical examination of a body of work, to study it for what it is and then to estimate its value.

I do not want to make what seems to me the often repeated mistake of the iconoclastic Brooks; I do not want to reproach the author of "Howells" for not having written some other book. What Brooks has tried to do he has done superbly well. In reviewing Edwin Cady's "William Dean Howells, Dean of American Letters" (*SR*, Sept. 27, 1958), I said that it was a useful work but that a better biography was bound to appear. As biography, Brooks's "Howells" is vastly better; indeed, I scarcely see how it could be improved on. But, having said that, I must go on to say that a different sort of book is badly needed. As Brooks briefly notes, Howells's reputation had begun to decline before his death, and though the decline was checked some twenty years ago, his position is still uncertain. That he will ever be restored to the eminence he once enjoyed, or that he will ever have the prestige James currently has, is unlikely, but there is, I am convinced—and I am sure Brooks is, too—a body of work that will bear the closest scrutiny. How valuable such an examination would be.

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Books for Fall Reading

SR's Annual Selections

—*Thomas Hollyman.*

Twelve Votes: Samuel Eliot Morison
"John Paul Jones"

Nine Votes: Moss Hart
"Act One"

THE FIVE gentlemen pictured here have been chosen by a cross-section of big-circulation newspaper book editors as the authors of the most engrossing autumn titles available to them for perusal so far. Other favorites with the critics are listed on page 18, and opposite them—in contrast—is a consideration of what was being praised and panned by the literary arbiters a century ago.

Had copies of many books on the fall calendar been available in time for the current survey, there is no doubt that at least some of the following would have shown up on the 1959 poll:

James Michener's "Hawaii," Max Lerner's "The Unfinished Country," John Malcolm Brinnin's "The Third Rose: Gertrude Stein and Her World," Sir Arthur Bryant's "Triumph in the West," Chester Bowles's "The Coming Political Breakthrough," Leonard Bernstein's "The Joy of Music," Yousuf Karsh's "Portraits of Greatness."

These then are the brightest stars in this fall's constellation. Since much of what is published in the States finds its way overseas, and vice versa, perhaps it is not too gypsyish of *SR* to glance into the crystal ball to see what may be expected in future seasons as reflected in a recent forecast for England printed in *The* [London] *Sunday Times*, where we find listed:

"Queen Mary: 1867-1953," by James Pope-Hennessy; "Friends," by Lord Beaverbrook (an account of the distinguished publisher's relationship with the late Viscount Bennett, former Prime Minister of Canada); "The Life of Ronald Knox," by Evelyn Waugh; "Frederick Delius," by Sir Thomas Beecham; "The Life of John Middleton Murry," by F. A. Lea; "It Isn't All Mink," by Ginette Spanier, the directrice of Balmain's; "Riding to the Tigris," by Freya Stark; "Earth, My Friend," by Captain Peter Townsend, who recounts "a journey of self-discovery ranging over 57,000 miles" and finally, among fiction titles, a number of which have been published in the U.S., there are "A Heritage and Its History," by I. Compton-Burnett, and "The Humbler Creation," by Pamela Hansford Johnson.

—*Eliot Erwitt.*

Eight Votes: John Hersey
"The War Lover"

—*Arthur Rothstein.*

Six Votes: Leo Rosten
"The Return of H°y°m°a°n K°a°p°l°a°n"

Four Votes: Morris L. West
"The Devil's Advocate"

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Critics' Poll — Nineteen Fifty-Nine

SR has taken a survey of reading pleasure. We have asked book editors of thirty-seven newspapers from Massachusetts to California to name those books from the abundance of fall publications which they themselves have most enjoyed. Their tastes, extending from popular fiction to philosophical discourse, are diverse and far reaching, as their selections here indicate:

TWELVE VOTES:

JOHN PAUL JONES. By Samuel Eliot Morison. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.50.
Morison, naval historian and chronicler of Columbus's adventures, now turns to the salty exploits of an American Revolutionary hero, who, for all his deeds of derring-do, is best remembered as commandeer of the *Bonhomme Richard.* (Beatty, Culligan, Hogan, Kenney, Lucchese, McSherry, Menn, Nordell, Perkin, J. K. Sherman, T. B. Sherman, Troy.)

NINE VOTES:

ACT ONE. By Moss Hart. Random House. $5.
A backstage tour with one of our leading playwrights and directors, who tells of his trek from the Bronx to Broadway and in so doing gives a candid and moving image of the American theatre. (Barkham, Creecy, Dolbier, Lucchese, May, O'Neill, Peckham, J. K. Sherman, Washburn.)

EIGHT VOTES:

THE WAR LOVER. By John Hersey. Knopf. $5.
Wartime Britain is the setting for this novel of the Eighth Air Force and the men who flew on missions of death. (Bingham, Brunk, Hogan, Laycock, May, Norris, T. B. Sherman, Wyllie.)

SIX VOTES:

THE RETURN OF H*Y*M*A*N*K*A*P*L*A*N. By Leo Rosten. Harper. $3.50.
More tales of the ineffable Mr. Kaplan, who loves, among other things, his night-school teacher, his fellowmen, and his America. (Bingham, Cady, Flowers, Hogan, Perkin, Wyllie.)

FOUR VOTES:

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. By Morris L. West. Morrow. $3.95.
As his final earthly task, a dying priest investigates a claim for sainthood and finds his own spiritual and human awakening. (Babcock, Cady, McManis, Washburn.)

OTHER SELECTIONS:

ADD A DASH OF PITY. By Peter Ustinov. Little, Brown. $3.75.

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND. Edited by Richard Thruelsen and John Kobler. Knopf. $4.50.

AFFECTIONATELY, F.D.R.: A SON'S STORY OF A LONELY MAN. By James Roosevelt and Sidney Shallett. Harcourt, Brace. $5.75.

AS I LIVE AND BREATHE. By John D. Weaver. Rinehart. $3.95.

A BIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD MARSH By Christopher Hassall. Harcourt, Brace. $6.75.

BOOK OF FRENCH VERSE IV. Edited by Anthony Hartley. Penguin. 95¢.

A BREATH OF FRENCH AIR. By H. E. Bates. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $3.75.

THE CAVE. By Robert Penn Warren. Random House. $4.95.

CHILDREN OF THE WOLF. By Alfred Duggan. Coward. $3.95.

THE CRIME OF GIOVANNI VENTURI. By Howard Shaw. *Holt.* $3.95.

THE END OF AMERICAN INNOCENCE. By Henry F. May. Knopf. $5.75.

WILLIAM DIAMOND'S DRUM. By Arthur B. Tortellot. Doubleday. $5.95.

A FEVER IN THE BLOOD. William Pearson. St. Martin's Press. $4.50.

FISHERMAN'S SUMMER. By Roderick Haig-Brown. Morrow. $3.75.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF QUACKERY. By Stewart H. Holbrook. Macmillan. $4.95.

GRAFFITI. By Ramon Guthrie. Macmillan. $1.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: PORTRAIT IN PARADOX. By John C. Miller. Harper. $8.50.

HUMAN NATURE AND THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Random House. $3.95.

JAMES JOYCE. By Richard Ellmann. Oxford. $12.50.

THE LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MYTHOLOGY. Putnam. $12.50.

LIFE IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE. By Alan Harrington. Knopf. $4.50.

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL. Volume V. By Kenneth P. Williams. Macmillan. $7.50.

THE LOST EUROPEANS. By Emanuel Litvinoff. Vanguard. $3.75.

THE LOTUS EATERS. By Gerald Green. Scribners. $4.95.

MALCOLM. By James Purdy. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.95.

THE MANSION. By William Faulkner. Random House. $4.75.

THE MEANING AND MATTER OF HISTORY: A CHRISTIAN VIEW. By Rev. M. C. D'Arcy. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50.

MEN DIE. H. L. Humes. Random House. $3.50.

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE. By Carl Mydans. Harper. $4.

NATURAL HISTORY OF NEW YORK CITY. By John Kieran. Houghton Mifflin. $5.75.

NATURE AND MAN'S FATE. By Garrett Hardin. Rinehart. $6.

ON A BALCONY. By David Stacton. British Book Centre. $3.50.

ONE HOUR. By Lillian Smith. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

LA PETITE: THE LIFE OF LOUISE DE LA VALLIERE. By Joan Sanders. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

POOR NO MORE. By Robert Ruark. Holt. $5.95.

THE PROVINCE OF THE HEART. By Phyllis McGinley. Viking. $3.

PURSUIT OF THE PRODIGAL. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

THE REAL LIFE OF SEBASTIAN KNIGHT. By Vladimir Nabokov. New Directions. $3.50.

SEGAKI. By David Stacton. Pantheon. $3.75.

SHAKESPEARE AND COMPANY. By Sylvia Beach. Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.

THE SOUTH STRIKES BACK. By Hodding Carter, III. Doubleday. $2.95.

THADDEUS STEVENS: SCOURGE OF THE SOUTH. By Fawn M. Brodie. Norton. $7.50.

THE STREET OF THE LAUGHING CAMEL. By Ben Lucien Burman. McGraw-Hill. $3.95.

THE TENDER SHOOT. By Colette. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.95.

THE THIRTEENTH APOSTLE. By Eugene Vale. Scribners. $4.50.

THIS IS MY GOD. By Herman Wouk. Doubleday. $3.95.

THROUGH THE NIGHT. By Hans Scholz. Crowell. $5.

TWO GENTLE MEN: THE LIVES OF GEORGE HERBERT AND ROBERT HERRICK. By Marchette Chute. Dutton. $5.

WAR FOR THE UNION: THE IMPROVISED WAR 1861-1862. By Allen Nevins. Simon & Schuster. $7.50.

ORDE WINGATE. By Christopher Sykes. World. $6.

YESTERDAY. By Maria Dermout. Simon & Schuster. $3.

The Book Editors:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*
RICHMOND C. BEATTY, *Nashville Tennessean*
MARY BINGHAM, *Louisville Courier-Journal*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
CHARLOTTE BRUNK, *Des Moines Register*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
JOHN CREECY, *Detroit Times*
GLENDY CULLIGAN, *Washington Post-Times-Herald*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *New York Herald Tribune*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World-Herald*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERBERT KENNEY, *Indianapolis News*
ROBERT R. KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*
EDWARD A. LAYCOCK, *Boston Globe*
JOHN LOFTON, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*
SAM F. LUCCHESE, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*
WILLIAM MAY, *Newark News*
JOHN MCMANIS, *Detroit News*
ELIZABETH MCSHERRY, *Hartford Courant*
THORPE MENN, *Kansas City Star*
JOHN MORELAND, *Oakland Tribune*
ROD NORDELL, *The Christian Science Monitor*
HOKE NORRIS, *Chicago Sun-Times*
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
STANTON PECKHAM, *Denver Post*
ROBERT PERKIN, *Denver Rocky Mountain News*
EMERSON PRICE, *Cleveland Press*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
BEATRICE WASHBURN, *Miami Herald*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
FREDERICK YEISER, *Cincinnati Enquirer*

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Critics' Poll — Eighteen Fifty-Nine

By MICHAEL WOLFF

A CENTURY ago English periodicals were pervasive, and everybody wrote for them. In their pages for 1859, for example, appeared Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Trollope, Collins, Tennyson, Ruskin, Maurice, Mill, Bagehot, Gladstone, Huxley, Spencer, Lewes, Acton, Buckle, Hutton, and Newman, all engaged in characteristic and representative work. It is here that we see the sweep and power, and a little of the character, of the organs written by and for "the articulate classes, whose writing and conversation make opinion," and the history of whose opinion *is* Victorian history.

That the word "review" is so closely linked to the nineteenth-century periodicals is no accident, for each article in the early quarterlies was, ostensibly at least, a book review, and book reviewing continued as the focus of the better Victorian periodicals. Moreover, as periodical literature became increasingly widespread and important, book reviewing assumed an increasingly important role as a channel of information and opinion.

Let us examine the treatment by Victorian reviewers of some of the books of 1859: Darwin's "Origin of Species" and Mill's "On Liberty," the four novels by Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Meredith, Tennyson's and FitzGerald's poems, Arnold's and Ruskin's booklets.

Some of these books received a great deal of attention, some almost none. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" was reviewed in twenty-two of twenty-five periodicals (selected first for their educated readership and secondly for their wide circulation). FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat," on the other hand, was reviewed by only one. Darwin's "Origin" was noticed at least in twenty-two periodicals and "Adam Bede" was, for a mere novel, exceptionally widely noticed, scoring twenty out of twenty-five. Mill's "On Liberty" comes next with sixteen out of twenty-five possible reviews, then the Mansel-Maurice controversy with fourteen, Ruskin's "Two Paths" had eleven reviews or notices, Meredith's "Richard Feverel," rather surprisingly, had nine. Arnold's pamphlet on the Italian question, review copies of which were probably not widely distributed, received only four notices. Dickens's and Thackeray's novels were hardly noticed when published, for they had been running in parts, Dickens's since April, 1859, and Thackeray's since November 1857, although "The Virginians" issued independently, not (as was "A Tale of Two Cities") as part of a rival magazine, was mentioned part by part in some of the miscellaneous columns. Finally there was a lone review of FitzGerald.

Over half the periodicals did a reasonably good job in giving space to a selection of the important books of 1859, and (if we take our count down to Ruskin's twelve reviews) half the books got a fair share of attention.

This analysis has so far been numerical; it remains to be asked what sort of reviews these books received in the better periodicals. Almost unanimously praised and that most lavishly were "Idylls of the King" by the Laureate and "Adam Bede" by an unknown novice. These two books were among the great hits of the year, both best-sellers, Tennyson's receiving only one bad and George Eliot's only two mildly disapproving notices. The next most favorably received book was "The Virginians," which, though sparsely noticed, enjoyed the momentum of Thackeray's reputation as the first novelist of the day. Next, rather astonishingly, came "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," hardly recommended for family reading, but clearly recognized as a work of great originality and promise. Arnold's pamphlet on the Italian crisis was received with respect though mostly respectful disagreement. Ruskin's "The Two Paths" had extremely varied treatment; a bare majority of reviews were in its favor despite everything Ruskin's manner had done to antagonize the reviewers. In descending order of acclaim, then, the 1859 books generally approved (regardless of the quantity of attention they received) were Tennyson's, Eliot's, Thackeray's, Meredith's, Arnold's, and Ruskin's.

The "Origin of Species" and "On Liberty" both had very mixed receptions. They did, in fact, receive more unfavorable than favorable reviews (though both had their enthusiastic advocates), and it is plain that only the authors' reputations saved the books from even harsher treatment. At the bottom of the scale comes "A Tale of Two Cities," scarcely noticed but, where noticed, almost uniformly scorned.

In 1859 the books of both Charles Darwin and John Stuart Mill appear to have benefited from the earlier reputation of their authors. The reception of the "Origin of Species" has, understandably enough, been given greater study than has the reception of any other books of 1859.

IT IS true enough that the "Origin of Species" burst upon a startled public, but it was not as the product of an unknown hand. Darwin was already known as "one of the first naturalists of the day," and because of this many unfavorably disposed towards the theories of evolution and natural selection were ready to give his work serious consideration.

The most forceful impression one gets after reading the reviews of "On Liberty" is of a hostility repressed or softened in an acknowledgement of "a writer who has perhaps exercised more influence over the formation of the

—Bettmann Archive.

Charles Dickens—almost scorned

George Eliot — but two disapproved.

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Anthony Trollope—wrote for reviews.

John T. Ruskin—antagonized reviewers.

philosophical and social principles of cultivated Englishmen than any other man of his generation." The book was only twice praised with any great determination—by Henry Buckle in a signed article in *Fraser's* and by Fitzjames Stephen in the *Saturday Review*. Though their tone was mostly respectful, the reviewers were likely to recommend the rest as interesting and suggestive rather than as true (this recommendation being habitually accompanied by a rather hollow compliment).

The main grounds of objection were that the book ignored social interests in its concern for the individual, that its advice—that people should carefully examine all sides of a question before coming to an opinion—was hopelessly impractical, that England was not as intolerant of spontaneity or originality as it supposed, and, finally that the book was irreligious. Nevertheless "On Liberty" sold well because it was thought that whatever Mill had to say was worth reading, certainly not because it at all hit off the mood of the educated public.

The "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was perhaps the most remarkable novel of 1859; certainly it was the most modern and the least conventional. How was it received? "Sparsely and unperceptively," says Meredith's biographer—but it was noticed upon publication in the leading weeklies, the *Athenaeum*, the *Critic*, the *Examiner*, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Saturday*, and the *Spectator*, as well as later in *The Times* and the miscellaneous sections of the *Westminster*—and that was as much as a little-known author could expect. Fiction was not widely received outside of the weeklies, although "important" novelists like Bulwer-Lytton and Thackeray occasionally received general appraisals from the quarterlies. What sort of notices did the literary weeklies give Meredith's book? None of them damned it; all recognized the presence of an unusual author; none, in the light of its sexual frankness, could recommend it.

It seems to me that the journalists of 1859 did as well as they could by Meredith. They may not have seen genius; they certainly did not see the verdict of posterity. But if they praised the book for its originality and power and blamed it (though not unanimously) for its unconventional morality, surely we can understand the strength of the inhibitions behind the blame and give them credit for the praise.

Although novels were not widely noticed outside the pages of the literary weeklies, "Adam Bede" was one of the exceptions. "Adam Bede," not "Richard Feverel," was the novel of 1859 acclaimed by its contemporary reviewers as enlarging the scope of fiction and bringing the novel to readers who ordinarily could not be bothered with such a plebeian form. According to the *Eclectic* it marked "a new and welcome advance in the aim and morale of fiction"; for *Bentley's Quarterly*, "Adam Bede" had "found its way into hands indifferent to all previous fiction"; the *Saturday Review* spoke of it to those "who do not wish to read novels unless they are really good," saying in February that those who read only one novel a year ("and rarely does a year produce more than one that is really good") may venture to make this year's selection "Adam Bede." The book was lavishly praised and widely read.

It seems to have been the moral (or, for some reviewers, the religious) tone of the book that most recommended it. "If we must have works of fiction it is well that they should have a tendency so plainly moral as this," said the *Christian Observer*. "It is a fact that the most absorbing and original novel we have had for many a year is also the most sternly moral" concluded the review in *Bentley's Quarterly*. It is not that the artistry of the book was neglected. Once the reviewers elected to discuss "Adam Bede," they praised Mr. Eliot's "truly Shakesperian" power to adapt his thoughts to "every nature and every situation"; they noted the book's unequaled depth of pathos, its wit, its realism, its minuteness, its power, its style. But they chose to review it because it was more than a mere novel ("With fashionable novels, as our readers know, we give ourselves no concern. We should as soon think of reviewing *The Sporting Calendar*), because the tone of the book, though moral rather than doctrinal, was serious and, apparently, orthodox in religious matters.

"Adam Bede" was highly praised, but not without condescension as being written in a form not yet fully established. But the "Idylls of the King" hinted at the possibility of that highest of forms, a national epic, and the praise was mingled with awe. For the *Quarterly* reviewer (none other than Gladstone) the poem "of itself raises the character and the hopes of the age and the country which have produced it"; Tennyson has added to the "permanent wealth of mankind." For *Fraser's* the "Idylls" called to mind the power of Dante and were to be matched only in the greatest scenes of Shakespeare. There appeared through many of the reviews the feeling that the excellence of the "Idylls" was a justification of the time.

The romance of Arthur, with all the possibilities for idealization that it presented, was seen by Tennyson's reviewers and presumably by the public as a portrayal of national aspirations. The collapse of Arthur's court and the defeat of the King were hardly seen as warnings, let alone as modern realities. There were few critics who reached into the poem for the questioning and pain which we can see there.

FROM the perspective of a hundred years, some of the books seem to have got more, some less than their due. And yet, seen as a representative sampling of the journalism of the mid-Victorian period, these book reviews do have a special significance. For they can not only make for a better understanding of prevalent and general attitudes toward the important writing of 1859 they can also cast light upon what may be happening to important writing in 1959. A study of them underlines a critical challenge posted by a democratic culture, namely, its need to know about ideas and imaginings beyond its ordinary range of interests and comprehension.

(The foregoing article has been excerpted from "1859: Entering an Age of Crisis," edited by Philip S. Appleman, William A. Madden, and Michael Wolff. The book will be published next month by Indiana University Press.)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Sentiments Larger than Work

—*Talbot*

Norman Mailer

FITZGERALD was an indifferent caretaker of his talent, and I have been a cheap gambler with mine. As I add up the accounts, I cannot like myself too much, for I was cowardly when I should have been good, and too brave on many a bad chance, and I spent my first thirty years abusing my body, and the last six in forced marches on my brain, and so I am more stupid today than I ought to be, my memory is half-gone, and my mind is slow; from fear and vanity I paid out too much for what I managed to learn. When I sit down, soon after this book is done, to pick up again on my novel, I do not know if I can do it, for if the first sixty pages are not at all bad, I may still have wasted too much of myself, and if I have—what a loss. How poor to go to death with no more than the notes of good intention. *It is the actions of men and not their sentiments which make history*—the best sentence I've ever written—but I would hate to face eternity with that for my flag, since I am still at this formal middle of my life a creator of sentiments larger than my work.

—From "Advertisements for Myself," by Norman Mailer (to be published by Putnams this month).

Precipitous Obituary

Nicholas Halasz

ONE morning in 1888, Nobel, inventor of dynamite, the man who had spent his life amassing a fortune from the manufacture and sale of weapons for destruction, awoke to read his own obituary. The obituary was printed as a result of a simple journalistic error—Alfred's brother had died, and a French reporter had carelessly reported the death of the wrong brother. Any man would be disturbed under the circumstances, but to Alfred Nobel the shock was overwhelming. He saw himself as the world saw him—"the dynamite King," the great industrialist who had made an immense fortune from explosives. This—as far as the general public was concerned—was the entire purpose of his life. None of his true intentions—to break down the barriers that separated men and ideas—were recognized or given serious consideration. He was quite simply a merchant of death, and for that alone would he be remembered. To the world at large, he had never faced the problem that confronts scientists even today: to what end would the search for truth, through scientific exploration, be applied? As he read his obituary with horror, Nobel resolved to make clear to the world the true meaning and purpose of his life. This could be done through the final disposition of his fortune. His last will and testament would be the expression of his life's ideals. All his fears and conflicts and struggles would be resolved in this will. . . . The result was the most valued of prizes given to those who have done most for the cause of world peace.

—From "Nobel," by Nicholas Halasz (to be published this month by the Orion Press).

Gigantism of the Ego

—*Cecil Beaton*

Mary McCarthy

THE Florentines, in fact, invented the Renaissance, which is the same as saying that they invented the modern world—not, of course, an unmixed good. Florence was a turning-point, and this is what often troubles the reflective sort of visitor today—the feeling that a terrible mistake was committed here, at some point between Giotto and Michelangelo, a mistake that had to do with power and megalomania or gigantism of the human ego. You can see, if you wish, the handwriting on the walls of Palazzo Pitti or Palazzo Strozzi, those formidable creations in bristling prepotent stone, or in the cold, vain stare of Michelangelo's "David," in love with his own strength and beauty. This feeling that Florence was the scene of the original crime or error was hard to avoid just after the last World War, when power and technology had reduced so much to rubble. "You were responsible for this," chided a Florentine sadly, looking around the Michelangelo room of the Bargello after it was finally reopened. In contrast, Giotto's bell tower appeared an innocent party.

—From "The Stones of Florence," by Mary McCarthy (to be published this month by Harcourt, Brace).

Pleasure of Contemporaneity

—*Patrick O'Higgins*

Colette

I KNEW nothing of the poet [Verlaine] as a man. I have seen his distinguished, pleasant face, with its little goatee, pass close before me. I never saw Eric Satie, who dismissed one of my husbands with a peremptory wave of the arm. Never saw Maupassant, who kept his promise to plunge into the Marne immediately after one of those dinners known as Floor Polishers' Razzles and did not die of congestion as a result. . . . Yet for several years I had the pleasure of being their contemporary if not their friend, of being simply someone who had set eyes on them. For me no document is worth the memory of the human face, the lasting remembrance of its color, the way the pupil is set in relation to the encircling brightness of the iris, the forehead, whether bare or covered with hair, the mouth and its constant falls from grace. *Ly! et l'un de vous tous . . .*

—From "For a Flower Album," by Colette (to be published in November by David McKay).

Secret Liquor Cure

—*Alda Jourdan*

S. H. Holbrook

IN 1906 rural America did not depend for its patent medicines on the traveling shows, or on the drugstore at the county seat. The RFD had brought the Post Office to the farm, along with the already fat and growing catalogues of mail-order

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houses. The catalogue of Sears, Roebuck and Company was then, as it is today, in complete harmony with the times. In 1906 it carried twenty full pages of patent medicines and nostrums. But Sears did not plan to enrich the established manufacturers of such items. In its own laboratories it prepared its own brand of Female Pills; and from the same source came Sears White Star Secret Liquor Cure. One cannot be certain about the Female Pills, but here in the Secret Liquor Cure was something that worked.

The Sears ad showed Mother furtively slipping the cure into Daddy's coffee, and intimated that after a few doses Daddy would cease helling around nights. The White Star nailed him home for sure. Analysis showed it to contain sufficient narcotic to put him to sleep almost as soon as he could reach the kitchen sofa right after supper. If, as it could have turned out, Daddy became a confirmed narcotic addict, in the same department of the catalogue was an advertisement for Sears Cure for the Opium and Morphine Habit.

—From "The Golden Age of Quackery," by Stewart H. Holbrook (to be published this month by The Macmillan Company).

First True Love

Mae West

IN this magnificent herd of males the thirty-year-old Mr. America was outstanding. He took my hand and I read in his glance a rising excitement, and sensed a subtle tension of some new emotion in him. He had the face and body that writers describe as that of a Greek god. Socrates would have drooled over him, and Plato written a dialogue about him.

I found out after a few meetings that this man was considerably more than a magnificent body, all looks and muscles. He had depth and sensitivity, and an inquiring mind.

He said, "Mae, you are the end of my search for an ideal; my dream come true. I'm lucky my search hasn't been long."

"How long can a search be when you're so young?"

"This is my first true love, my only love."

"I find you very lovable indeed," I said.

—From "Goodness Had Nothing to Do With It," by Mae West (just published by Prentice-Hall).

Richard Avedon's portrait of Karen Blixen ("Isak Dinesen").

TIME has refined her, this legend who has lived the adventures of an iron-nerved man: shot charging lions and infuriated buffalo, worked on an African farm, flown over Kilimanjaro on the perilous first planes, doctored the Masai; time has reduced her to an essense, as a grape can become a raisin, roses an attar. Quite instantly, even if one were deprived of knowing her dossier, she registers as *la vraie chose,* a true somebody. A face so faceted, its prisms tossing a proud glitter of intelligence and educated compassion, which is to say wisdom, cannot be an accidental occurrence; nor do such eyes, smudges of kohl darkening the lids, . . . like velvet animals burrowed in a cave, fall into the possession of ordinary women . . .

As the visitor goes he may be presented a copy of her favorite of her books ("Because it is about real things"), the beautiful "Out of Africa." A souvenir inscribed, "*Je responderay*—Karen Blixen."

"*Je responderay,*" she explains, standing at the door and, in farewell, offering her cheek to be kissed, "I answer: a lovely motto . . . I like it because I believe every one of us has an answer in him."*—From "Observations," photographs by Richard Avedon with comments by Truman Capote (to be published this month by Simon & Schuster).*

Avedon's study of Georges Braque and his wife.

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THE NEW EAST

The Deafening Sounds of Destiny

"Impatient Giant: Red China Today," by Gerald Clark *(McKay. 203 pp. $4.95),* ***"What's Happening in China?," by Lord Boyd Orr and Peter Townsend*** *(Doubleday. 159 pp. $3.75), and* ***"The Yellow Wind," by William Stevenson*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 368 pp. $6), measure China's great leap into the twentieth century as taped by British and Canadian visitors. David Keith Hardy, former director of Radio Hongkong and Far East correspondent for BBC, is a writer and lecturer on Asia.*

By David Keith Hardy

ON THIS, the tenth anniversary of China's new regime, the almost simultaneous appearance of three books about China is not unexpected. The paradox that they are perforce written by others than Americans goes not unremarked and is to be regretted. Ten years ago China virtually disappeared from American eyes. Meanwhile, the dust has settled in China, though it continues to blur America's vision. Today, more than 600 million people are living a new and utterly radical life in China—a monolithic life fashioned from the mind and works of Mao Tse-tung and superimposed, scientifically, on a nation whose vast potentials have lain dormant for generations. Mao Tse-tung and the Chinese people have created a New China, as he puts it, writing on a "blank sheet of paper," and virtually every concept about China in the Western mind needs to be re-examined.

With a sure sense of "I know where I'm going—and everyone's going with me"—the government of The People's Republic of China has engineered the most accelerated industrial and social revolution in history, but the facts are little known to most Americans; not that Washington officialdom is lacking in detailed information.

Two current books, "Impatient Giant: Red China Today" and "What's Happening in China," illuminate this important subject. Unfortunately, the author of "The Yellow Wind" will not let the facts speak for themselves and generates more heat than light. Lord Boyd Orr and Mr. Gerald Clark objectively recount what they saw and avoid interpreting China in foreign and hostile terms, simply because it is Communist. That much of what is happening is repugnant cannot be denied, but is this a valid reason for ignoring it? Peking's own propaganda mill grinds out a totally distorted and hostile picture of the United States and drills it incessantly into the minds of the Chinese; abhorrence of their system is no justification for ignorance and half-perceived truth on our part. To know and understand what is happening is not necessarily to condone.

It is significant to note that many of the conclusions drawn by these writers coincide: the new role of women, the widespread acceptance of communal life, the vast use of human labor willingly at work, and the omnipresent slogans for every situation. To see, to taste, to touch, to smell, to breathe the new China is for the authors to perceive a China united, a China growing, a China purposeful, a China dedicated—with a dynamic unparalleled in the world today. Of new information enlightening to the expert student of Chinese affairs there is but little; it is the fact that this is personal observation which gives these books their significance.

Mr. Clark, a Canadian journalist, arrives from the USSR and a world of European Communism he well knows. He might well agree with this reviewer that — to paraphrase Sir Winston Churchill when he described Britain and the United States as two countries divided by a common language—Russia and China are fast becoming two countries divided by a common ideology. Not that he suggests any major political rift between them, but rather that the puritanism, severity, and dedication of self to state in China—where Communism may have reached its ultimate in the 26,000 communes—are in marked contrast to the gradual liberalization of life in the Soviet Union.

Mr. Clark writes well, has traveled widely, and has a keen eye for illustrative detail. This is one of the better books available on China today, with its insight into the ambitions of those who are leading the country at the grass-roots level:

> . . . a young people, who believe, with utter conviction, in their own destiny and the future of their country. . . . To some, Communism itself is the inspiration, but to others, I believe the word is "patriotism," a natural and understandable desire to build a backward land into a flourishing and powerful nation, capable of sustaining self-assurance and commanding respect in the outside world.

It is perhaps difficult to believe this, because of the widely-held impression of a sullen Chinese mass held at bay with guns and bayonets. But this is revealed to be far from the truth; the majority is relatively content, and among those who are not, as Mr. Clark points out, "In China today contrary to the popular Western misconception, they do not chop off heads; they reshape them."

Reductions in this year's agricultural and economic goals are played up in our press: the fact that these reduced

(Continued on page 50)

—*From "Impatient Giant."*

Stevedores shown working in Shanghai port — a new role for women.

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FICTION

A Luscious Immediacy of Life

"The Floating World in Japanese Fiction," by Howard Hibbett *(Oxford. 232 pp. $6.50), and* ***"Stories from a Ming Collection," translated by Cyril Birch*** *(Indiana University Press. 205 pp. $3.75), are tales from the Orient, filled with timeless qualities of "sentiment and sensibility." Poet and critic Kenneth Rexroth has edited anthologies of both Chinese and Japanese verse.*

By Kenneth Rexroth

IN BOTH China and Japan the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were years of middle-class ascendancy, bustling, colorful urban life, and of the development of a new, widespread common taste in the arts, at the same time rather precious and rather obvious. This is the time of the Ming vase and the Japanese color woodblock print, both once considered the very symbols of parvenu taste in oriental art. It is not very easy to work up much enthusiasm for the typical "Ming vase," but nowadays even in Japan the Japanese woodblock print has come back into favor.

"Pictures of the floating world" — *ukiyoye*, which characterizes the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in both China and Japan, was a new kind of interest in the typical, the picturesque, the quaint, or topical. Exactly the same thing was happening in Western art with the rise to power of the urban retail- and small wholesale-merchant class. We forget that the Medicis and Cecils were "middle class" by feudal standards. In the Far East as in Rotterdam or Bristol the new society was far from Medicean: it was folksy. The characters of "The Tale of Genji" have grandeur, profundity, personality. They are personages, like Launcelot and Guinevere or Don Quixote; the people in Kiseki or Saikaku and in the short story collections of Ming and early Manchu times are "characters" in the sense of the Hollywood slang of a generation ago. They are as quaint and curious as anybody in Dickens—and yet somehow, as in Dickens, they are very much alive as people. A society had come into existence in which the human integer was a value, an end, in itself. With this goes sentiment and sensibility. Samuel Richardson is the contemporary of the last great *haiku* poets and in the next generation came the novel translated by Lin Yutang as "Six Tales From a Floating Life," possibly the greatest sentimental work in any literature.

—*From "The Floating World in Japanese Fiction."*

"Young Geishas Learning Their Trade."

On both sides of the earth this was also the period of the rise of the art, as distinguished from the vice, of pornography. Untrammeled by the strictures of Western religion, the Far Eastern writers sat a lot easier to this subject than did their Western contemporaries. Saikaku is not only vastly superior to Cleland or even Mirabeau, he is probably the greatest writer of salacious literature in any language since Petronius. The only writers in our tradition who surpass him are those who transcend the category altogether — Lawrence Sterne, Choderlos de Laclos, Henry Miller.

Howard Hibbett's book is almost half introduction, and no better introduction to this period of Japanese literature exists. He covers everything: history, social background, literary connections and traditions, parallels in pictorial arts, peculiarities and niceties of style, influences on later literature. The rest of the book is taken up with fifty pages of translation from Ejima Kiseki's "Characters of Worldly Young Women" and "Characters of Worldly Young Men," and sixty pages of Ihara Saikaku's "The Woman Who Spent Her Life in Love." This latter is the work usually referred to in English as "Memoirs of a Voluptuous Woman."

The translations are excellent; there is only one trouble with them and that is that both authors are practically untranslatable. Saikaku's Japanese is like a combination of the styles of "Tristam Shandy," "Finnegans Wake" "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," George Ade, and "The Wasteland." He is full of obscure wit, neologisms, puns, literary references, slang, and—most difficult—false slang, ironically used. Years ago I tried to translate him with the help of a couple of Japanese friends and gave it up as a hopeless task. Howard Hibbett has done a pretty good job, considering. He apparently decided that all this eccentricity was completely impossible to transport from one language to another and concentrated on the straight narrative. Probably this is just as well; an attempt to do the impossible would have resulted in a barbarous mishmash. As it is, what the reader has is a collection of fascinating erotic anecdotes of middle-class Japanese low and high life, full of wry insight. It isn't Kiseki, much less Saikaku, but it is all the Western reader is likely ever to get unless he learns to read Japanese.

I have only one objection, and that perhaps purely personal. Saikaku's mockery and even some of his pity come across, but it has always seemed to me that behind his bustling, highly colored floating world he was always acutely aware of the terrible pathos of its transitoriness, its meaninglessness, and its doom. This of course is standard Japanese popular Buddhist sentimentality—but in Saikaku I think it is something more. Much of this gently tragic sense is unfortunately communicated by those very literary specialties that are peculiar to Saikaku. "Hearing the cries of the shorebirds of the Isle of Awaji, I know the sadness of the worlds."

"Stories From a Ming Collection" is a selection from "Stories Old and New" of Feng Meng-lung. "The Restitution of the Bride" from the same collection was translated years ago by E. B. Howell and was, I believe, made into a play. A large proportion of Feng's tales date back to at least the Sung Dynasty, and he was careful to preserve much of the style and mood of the street-corner reciter of traditional tales. Still, all the stories have a unity, easy to understand

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after coming from the Japanese book—the unity of middle-class interests and tastes and more especially of the middle class's special "tragic Sensibility"—the appetitive desirability of life, its luscious immediate interest and its essential meaninglessness, its consumability if you will. As is almost always true when one contrasts Chinese with similar Japanese work, the difference in the two civilizations stands out strongly. The Chinese is so much more earthy—gutty—worldly wise beyond irony, and so much less fragile. Again, the Chinese stories are masterpieces of pure narrative. The depths and subtleties of Proust or "The Tale of Genji" or even Saikaku, are never stated; there is nothing on the page except plain "stories," like Dick Tracy—but behind the scene you know that there operates a far more profound and complex knowledge of life than is ever allowed to appear on the surface. Feng Meng-lung put his collection together in the days of the greatest Chinese novels — those vast books so like the funny papers, and so much wiser than Proust or Henry James. Cyril Birch has translated them simply and lucidly: nothing interferes with the clear depths of the narrative.

Many of these tales are constant favorites of the Chinese theatre—most of which I have seen over and over again, and all the crude color and stylized action, so much more natural and vital than life itself, came back to me as I read them. I, for one, just love them, these stories that glow and glitter and spin and rattle like merry-go-rounds in heaven. I just wish every such collection of Chinese stories were 10,000 pages long.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 851

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 851 will be found in the next issue.

MNO PALGM MOHKOLOB
KOAKSO R'TO OTOL
HOM POLO KOAKSO PNA
DCOP MNOW POLO
PLACE.

—PRSGAC HRXCOL.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 850

You have to do your own growing up no matter how tall your grandpa was.

—ANONYMOUS.

For Whom the Polls Close

***"A Fever in the Blood," by William Pearson** (St. Martin's Press. 333 pp. $4.50), is a novel about a gubernatorial race and the ensuing soul-destroying quest for political power and prestige. Richard Powell is the author of "Pioneer, Go Home!" and "The Philadelphian."*

By Richard Powell

IN "A Fever in the Blood" William Pearson has written a novel about state politics that deserves to win a lot of votes from readers.

Its theme, as stated by one of the book's characters, is, "They say power corrupts, but I blame most the *pursuit* of power." In developing his theme, Pearson shows how the pursuit of political power twists and breaks the moral fiber of most of the people in his book. It might be argued that their moral fiber was not very strong to begin with, but the fact remains that Pearson has adopted a muscular theme and handles it with skill and convincing effect.

The story covers a campaign for the governorship of an unidentified state, and it is the most colorful and exciting report of a single political campaign that this reviewer has ever read. No doubt it will be compared with "The Last Hurrah" and "Advise and Consent." It is different from both of these novels, and need not hastily concede the election to either of them.

Pearson has stuffed his ballot box of a novel with scores of fascinating people. Each major character is thrown into situations that reveal and intensify the tangle of fears and hopes, loyalties and hatreds, that hide behind the vote-getting handshake. Most of the characters are Democrats, but this is a long way from being a book that the Democratic National Committee would care to sponsor. The Democrats are nearly all men of strong passions and weak principles. Lest this comfort Republican readers, it might be pointed out that the few Republicans in the book are men of such weak passions that they can afford to maintain a couple of faded principles.

Publishers have a pardonable fear of lawsuits, and perhaps this is why St. Martin's Press provides almost no identification of the author except that he was graduated from Yale in 1944, served with the Air Force, and was a lawyer and author of two suspense novels before writing this book. The fact that he is a Coloradan is not mentioned, and where he practised law is not stated. These precautions (if they are precautions) are not needed. Although obviously he has an intimate knowledge of local politics, Pearson has written of a campaign that could have taken place in any state in recent years. He has also done a clever job of weaving national political legend into his novel.

There is an echo of a former New York City mayor in the official who, when asked whom he was going to appoint as chief of police, said, "I don't know yet, boys. I haven't received the word." An incident dealing with the capture of a convention's public address system recalls the sepulchral chant for FDR at Chicago in 1932. A sorghum-and-grits Southern politician may come to mind when Pearson's Senator Simon intones, "If you can't vote for me, pray for me."

Even though there are many well-drawn characters in the book, the real hero—or villain, if you wish—is the campaign itself. Here in operation is the American political system with all its faults (Mr. Khrushchev would consider it most untidy) and all its virtues. "A Fever in the Blood" is fine entertainment. It might even make a few citizens take a more intelligent interest in how they cast their votes.

—*St. Martin's Press.*

William Pearson—Deserves readers' votes.

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Autumn Leaves a Fall of New Fiction

The Seven Novels Selected by SR for Review Range in Subject from Redemption to Spinsterism Against Settings from Teheran to Tarawa

SHADOW OF ETERNITY: Monsignor Blaise Meredith had a year to live—maybe less, the cancer specialist warned. In the sudden shadow of eternity, the passionless legalist realized his failure as priest and man. His redemption proves to be the most moving of the miracles recounted in Morris L. West's daring and original novel, **"The Devil's Advocate"** (Morrow, $3.95).

It took a certain bleak courage for the doomed and pain-wracked Church official to leave comfortable Rome for the primitive Calabrian hamlet where, during World War II, Giacomo Nerone had led his crusade of charity, worked miracles, and been martyred by partisans. The Calabresi were pressing the cause of their martyr's beatification, and it was Monsignor Meredith's unpopular mission to make a coldly critical investigation. The impoverished peasants were as sullen as the paganism that underlay their religion. Worse, the people involved in Nerone's story kept his life shrouded in mystery and secrecy.

Chief among the latter were the doctor skeptic who had turned Judas, the aged pastor who was living in sin, the "saint's whore" who had borne Nerone's son. Contending for the sixteen-year-old son's mind and body were two other conspirators, an effeminate painter and a vengeful, worldly contessa tormented by her inner furies. Having found his own heart, Blaise Meredith knew how to find theirs—with one tragic exception. And he found the real Nerone.

Paradoxically, the author cynically stresses Church politics, yet invests his churchmen with warm humanity. And he blends sophistication, spirituality, sensuality, and ironic wit to create a unique cloak-and-dagger drama of the human soul. —Ann F. Wolfe.

ITALIAN UNDERGROUND: When the URITI, (initials for *Unico Ristorante Italiano ed Internazionale*), an Italian version of Longchamps, moves onto the same Roman street as the Trattoria Di Giovanni Venturi with the obvious intention of putting Giovanni out of business, that modest restaurateur agrees to take drastic measures. Tunneling through the cellar, he puts an ingenious tap on his competitor's kitchen, thereby enabling himself to serve the extravagant URITI food and drink at Giovanni prices. Naturally he prospers better than ever under such an arrangement and when, in the course of his digging he stumbles into a richly-decked-out Etruscan sepulchre, life seems pretty cozy and comfortable under the seven hills of Rome.

But, of course, the situation develops its discomforts. Giovanni's prime confederate worries himself to death; Giovanni becomes romantically attached to another confederate; a third threatens his undoing. Finally the police pay him a visit and he is forced to make a hasty get-away to Rio with a suitcase full of lire and a newly acquired *fidanzata*.

This then is the amusing peccadillo for which Howard Shaw, in a first novel, **"The Crime of Giovanni Venturi"** (Holt, $3.95), solicits comedy. That he doesn't achieve all that he hopes for seems to result from a failure of invention. The initial situation promises more than Mr. Shaw is able to deliver. Despite a host of details about gourmanderie, as well as Roman and Etruscan history and despite his many half-hearted attempts at the subplot, no really comic confrontations emerge. The story, although sprightly in intention, seems unnecessarily cluttered. Furthermore, the characters are developed in such an external manner that their various displays of pathos or inelegance never quite touch the reader. —Richard M. Elman.

NIGHT FLIGHTS: In his first novel, **"Shoulder the Sky"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $4.50), George Leonard has set himself the difficult task of making some very familiar literary material seem fresh and interesting. The time is 1944, the setting a large Air Force base in south Georgia, where Gordon Latimer, the story's hero, has just been appointed a flight instructor. Soon, he meets Marie Fawlkes, who lives in the nearby town of Stratton, and before many days have passed they are embarked on a troubled, adolescent courtship.

Unhappily, Gordon turns out to be that not uncommon hero of contemporary fiction, the "sensitive," idealistic young man, whose endless introspection

Howard Shaw — Food-lifting restaurateur flees to Rio.

—*Robert Hatch.*

George Leonard — Courting flier court-martialed for buzzing.

Fereidoun Esfandiary — Persian mystic dallies in coffee shops.

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proves more entertaining to himself than to the reader. Marie proves to be another current literary type—the moody, vaguely "artistic," terribly unhappy teen-ager, whose promiscuity leads her to despair, and whose isolation from her father drives her—in this instance—to an unwanted pregnancy and a visit to the local abortionist.

Mr. Leonard knows the appearance of the Southern countryside and can write of it with ease and persuasiveness. He understands the complexities of pilot training and of flying wartime bombers, and he can convey his knowledge of these matters without striking a single false note.

Two of the best episodes in "Shoulder the Sky" have to do with flying. One is the "buzzing" of a Sea Island beach by Gordon and another instructor, an escapade which leads to their subsequent court-martial. The other is a night flight, when Gordon's problem student—a cadet whom he should have washed out—gets into trouble and must try to return a B-25 to the field for a forced landing. This last episode is truly suspenseful. It makes the reader wish that Gordon had spent a little less time with the ladies, and a little more time in the air. —William Wise.

LAST EXTREMES: It is hard to write a war novel about a hero who is not articulate enough to be the author's mouthpiece, not sensitive enough to have discovered Thomas Wolfe, and not ethnic enough to break under the strain of his squad's prejudice. To stay within those limits, and then to leave out the John Dos Passos Newsreel, to fail to coin any new metaphors for orgasm, and to eschew utterly the Freudian-Marxian deterministic flashback—these are terrible handicaps. Boyd Cochrell, in **"The Barren Beaches of Hell"** (Holt, $4.95), accepts them and produces a memorable infantry story that is unmarred by clichés or pretensions, but which never quite releases the reader's potential sympathy for its hero.

Andrew Willy, a fuzzy-faced seventeen-year-old from Spokane, enlists in the Marines in 1943 because of the usual mixture of patriotism and desire to get away from his family. He is small, mild, but conscientious about trying to be a good Marine, and in spite of the contempt of his platoon leader, he discovers on the blasted landscape of Tarawa an ability to expose himself to artillery bombardment and to highly personal small-arms fire, and to fight back intelligently and dependably. Thousands had these virtues, but they are rare and desirable enough to excite eternal curiosity. The image of Andrew Willy tantalizes the reader because it only hints at the mysterious sources of such courage, while convincing us completely that Willy possesses it.

Willy satisfies the reader in other ways though, because he moves through events that are told with a tremendous documentary honesty: the stench of bodies on the churned-up fields of Tarawa, the return of Willy's outfit to Hawaii after that battle for rest and re-training in a barren hill camp miles away from entertainment, liquor, or women. Willy's inevitable receipt of a "Dear John" letter, and his accidental killing of his closest friend during a lull in combat only hours before the friend was due to go stateside on rotation. This all adds up to the image of a man tested by the last extremes of experience, but still a man seen only at a distance. The book's highest virtue, therefore, lies in its picture of combat as a degrading obscenity, and of its hero as a man who, for unknown reasons, can bear that obscenity with dignity.

—Thomas E. Cooney.

PERSIAN INTRIGUE: Fereidoun Esfandiary's novel of modern Persian life, **"The Day of Sacrifice"** (McDowell, Obolensky, $3.95) deserves attention not only because of its merits as a first novel, but also because it stands out in a culture still concerned with immature and groping literary experimentation. Although written in English by a young Persian living in this country, it is as accurate in tone and spirit as another notable exception, Sadegh Hedayet's "The Blind Owl," which was recently translated into English.

KiaNoush Aryamanesh, the only son of a minor government employee, rarely went out, was uninvolved with reality, and unconcerned with the hysterical and undirected political activity that had been raging in the streets of Teheran since the end of the war. His eccentricity was comfortably justified, for by withdrawal he managed to gain for himself a certain reputation in the neighborhood as a wise, solemn man, a mystic.

One day his father tells him that he has learned of a suicidal plot by the fanatical secret society, the Slaves of the Faith, to assassinate a cabinet minister. Aryamanesh may be able to save his life if, in the five days before the great feast of the Day of Sacrifice, he can find an acquaintance in the school of theology and bring about a meeting between the plotters and their victim. The days shrink as he dallies in coffee shops and in a fumbling love affair with the unhappy wife of an army officer, an affair described with the satiric humor in which Persians have always excelled.

Delay and frustration characterize a weird Kafka-like search. His friend Choubineh, who changes political parties as often as he changes his shirt, introduces him to Deldar, the young militant chief of the Enlightened Party. With them, Aryamanesh becomes in-

(*continued on page 49*)

Boyd Cochrell — Mild marine braves artillery.

—*Richard Avedon.*

Marjorie Lee — Suburban matrons find love with ladies.

—*Charlotte Kent.*

James Reid Parker — Boston Brahmins unbend on a freighter.

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To Disarmament and Beyond

Editor's Note: *The author of this week's guest editorial is Carlos P. Romulo, the former president of the United Nations' Fourth General Assembly.*

Chairman Khrushchev's spectacular disarmament proposals have produced a general stock-taking in the United Nations. Certainly they have set the stage for an examination of the fundamentals--what it is that we can agree upon, and what we probably cannot agree upon. For disarmament is only one of a number of key issues before the U.N. True, the world will be much closer to peace if we can achieve workable arms control. But we must not forget that nations have armed because they were not secure. Therefore, if they disarm without creating a definite basis for security, it may be only a short time before an armaments race will start up all over again.

How can the United Nations, therefore, help in creating a real basis for true world security--without which disarmament is impossible? Let us begin with a brief inventory of agreement and disagreement.

There is general agreement on the right of self-determination. If a nation is struggling to free itself from outside rule, we all agree that this is a fundamental and natural right of the people involved.

There seems to be general agreement that interference by outside nations in the determination of a people to achieve their independence or to maintain their independence is a world crime.

Pushing peoples around because they are unable to defend themselves or because they happen to have resources that larger nations desire or require--this, too, is a world crime on which we are agreed.

Similarly, most members agree that carrying on campaigns of incitement to revolution is not consistent with world peace.

Most members agree that acting outside the United Nations in those matters clearly concerning the United Nations is not consistent with world peace.

I am certain that if the individual delegations of the United Nations were polled, there would be unanimous support, or close to it, for the principles I have just mentioned.

Our problem is to give these principles a life of their own; to construct the essential machinery that makes it not only possible but automatic that the principles will be respected and the violators punished.

Yes, we all agree with the principles, but it is difficult for some members to agree that they may be violating them. It is too easy to take refuge in technicalities and small type, too easy to put the national interest above the human interest.

It seems clear today, in the light of living history, that if the principles we all accept are to be effective, we shall have to set up some kind of machinery to enforce them; in short, the principles must not depend on the willingness of national states to respect them, but on the ability of the United Nations to enforce them, whether the offending nation likes it or not.

We can no longer delay the need to invest the U.N. with real authority.

The United Nations today, let us face it, is largely a mediation agency. We can all thank God that it has been a fairly good one, otherwise the fuse caps from the large nuclear explosives might long since have been removed.

But it is not enough to be an after-the-fact agency springing to life after large and ominous events have occurred. The U.N. must possess the means for correcting basic conditions that are wrong or unsafe in the relations among nations. It must possess an independent machinery of its own that can deal with long-term causes of war. It must not be dependent upon the cooperation and the consent of the nations involved in any dispute.

The U.N. cannot indefinitely occupy the role of an arbitration agency, however inspired--if human life is to survive on this planet.

It cannot indefinitely leave the intricate problems of the peace to the hazards of last-minute improvisations.

At some time soon, it is going to have to face the need to define the rules of the game for nations.

It will have to specify what world law consists of; it will have to create the specific machinery that can deal justly with violators.

The big challenge to the United Nations is not to get a violator to consent to cease his violations. Its function is not to seek consent but to compel compliance.

The U.N. can, if it wishes, drift along from month to month, evading the central challenge.

But there are limits even to the patience of history.

And there are even sterner limits to the margin for error permitted fallible man in a nuclear age--an age in which thousands, not tens or even hundreds, of hydrogen bombs are now primed for use against people.

The United Nations can no longer put off its obligation to face up to the main issue--of which the crisis in Berlin, like the crisis in the Far East or Middle East, may be only by-products.

This issue is not primarily what do we do about Lebanon or Jordan or Laos or Matsu and Quemoy or Berlin but what do we do about the United Nations itself.

Three years ago the U.N. considered--all too tentatively, I am afraid--the need to re-examine the Charter itself. On the floor of the Assembly I emphasized such a need. We quickly passed the problem along to a committee and returned to the business of coping with crises that might not have erupted in the first place if the United Nations were equipped to prevent rather than to pursue.

Under Articles 108 and 109 of the Charter, a Conference of the United

(*continued on page 54*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LOST AND FOUND DEPT.

READING, AND RE-READING, Clifton Fadiman's scholarly piece, "Today's Lost Generation" [*SR*, Sept. 12], it occurred to me that he should be distinguished as the Aristotle of his generation. I agree that the products of our present educational system are "lost," and if we allow the "lost ones" to multiply indefinitely they will, as he says, see to it that the country is lost also. Then, he, with some of the rest of us who keep the faith, may find surcease like Socrates with a drink on the house while Khrushchev laughs.

IRA A. TILTON.

Valparaiso, Ind.

PERHAPS THE ROOT of the trouble lies in the prevalent intellectual dishonesty which prevails in such articles as Clifton Fadiman's.

CELIA PEPLOWSKI.

Sioux City, Iowa

CLIFTON FADIMAN'S ARTICLE "Today's Lost Generation" is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!

PAT ANN OGREN.

Kansas City, Kan.

ONE CAN ONLY SAY that if the type of logic used by Mr. Fadiman in this article is typical of Basic Education, then God save us from Basic Education. I can think of a good many high-school people who could very easily point out the many fallacies in this Aristotelian syllogistic approach.

REV. RUSSELL LINCOLN.
The Unitarian Church of San Mateo
San Mateo, Calif.

CLIFTON FADIMAN'S ARTICLE leads me to an overwhelming question. But first I'd like to clarify my own position.

I am a student in an old, tradition-bound college in the East that has offered me gladly many hours of Latin and classical Greek along with literature courses, history, modern languages, and basic philosophy courses. My high-school background offered me the sciences, including chemistry and physics and mathematics through trigonometry and a third year of "college" algebra, plus foreign languages, English, and history. I was able to learn about sex through classroom instruction. I would like to be well-rounded and probably am.

I do not feel inferior, but, I do feel lost. This is not because I am unwise, for I am not. It is not because I cannot get along with people, for I can. I am often terrified by the world I live in, am often horrified, and I am lost.

I feel little relation to the whole world in time and space, and often less to my own country. I know that I must not be a status-seeker or a man in the gray flannel suit or an organization man. A pleasant, unpainful life is not what I seek necessarily. I have never chosen an easy elective, and my doctor advises more play and sport.

I finally approach my overwhelming question. Do not ask what is it, for I'll tell you. I have learned to appreciate Aristotle and Newton and Shakespeare and even Einstein, and I have read books I liked. In spite of this and my lack of knowledge of golf, quail-shooting, and barbecuing or some specialized technique of buying or selling, I am still lost! Now what, Mr. Fadiman?

WILLIAM L. LUPTON, JR.

Williamsport, Pa.

TABOOS TABOOED

DR. LOU LABRANT'S paragraph on taboos in classroom discussion [*SR*, Sept. 12] should be read and understood by anyone even remotely involved in education and should be made a key factor in decisions on changes in our educational system. The present fear of controversial topics not only paralyzes education but is rapidly paralyzing much of business, government, and mass communications as well. The removal of Dr. LaBrant's taboos is certainly at the core of any improvement in public education.

JOHN LUNSFORD.

Dallas, Tex.

EXPENSIVE SOLUTION

JOHN H. NIEMEYER'S informative article, "Splitting the Social Atom" [*SR*, Sept. 12], went to the root of a basic problem in connection with the education of the so-called "alienated ones."

The rewriting of textbooks by the Writers' Workshop, as mentioned in the article, should produce an important step toward the attainment of the goal. However, I am not as optimistic as apparently is Mr. Niemeyer. I am afraid that, in view of the large expense of production, and the small market outside of New York City for books of this type, no publisher will undertake the production of these works on a commercial scale. It is also highly doubtful that New York City will subsidize this work at this time.

RUBIN PERLMAN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

HENRY'S HER PET

PLEASE ENROLL ME as a charter member of the S.P.C.H.M. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Henry Morgan). He is the most delightfully intolerant man left to this age of sweetness and light. What sheer pleasure it is to find a lone human who will come right out and admit that he doesn't like something [*SR*, Aug. 15]. (Personally I like both dogs and cats, but I have known some real lemons in both breeds.) Braving the anger of dog and cat lovers is courage beyond the call of duty. Most people who hate cats or dogs are regarded as psychotics on the loose, as some definitely are. On the other hand, some dog and cat lovers don't have all their marbles either.

NAOMI D. BLOOM.

Orangeburg, S.C.

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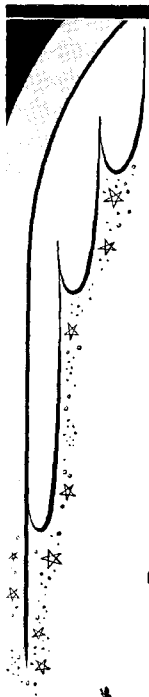

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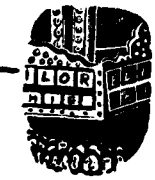

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Telephone Hour

IT IS one of the axioms of Ross Hunter, the youthful producer of **"Pillow Talk"** (Universal-International), that audiences want to see movies in which both the stars and the sets are beautifully dressed. "When people go to a theatre," he said recently, "they don't want to see men in their undershirts and women in shabby housecoats. They don't want to see dishes in the sink and paper peeling from the walls. They get enough of that at home." Certainly his formula seems to work. Such Hunter productions as "The Magnificent Obsession," "Tammy," and "Imitation of Life" have ranked high among his studio's top money-makers.

I suspect, however, that there is a good deal more to it than merely what meets the eye. The eye might be dazzled by the twenty-four ultra-chic costumes that Jean Louis has provided for Doris Day in "Pillow Talk"—not to mention the $500,000 in jewelry borrowed from Laykin et Cie.—but though clothes may make the man, they never yet have made a movie. Nor is there any record of customers stampeding the box office simply because they heard that the settings were strikingly designed. In fact, some of the industry's most memorable failures have been its most beautiful bores.

What Mr. Hunter has learned is how not to bore. In his relatively short career he has produced pictures that were mushily sentimental or intolerably cute, but there has always been a showmanlike touch of laughter-through-tears to please the ticket-buyers. With "Pillow Talk" he skips the tears altogether, bearing down on the laughs instead for the year's most sophisticated light comedy. And he displays his showmanship with the year's best offbeat casting—Doris Day as a brittle, business-before-pleasure, career girl, and Rock Hudson in the kind of role that, twenty years ago, would have gone automatically to Cary Grant. On the evidence presented here, I should say that Hudson is just about ready to slip into Grant's patent leathers.

The story, a froth whipped up by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, binds its co-stars together on a party line. Miss Day, an interior decorator, needs her phone for business, but Hudson keeps it tied up arranging assignations with his innumerable amours. When the two accidentally meet, Hudson finds it advisable to pursue his courtship of Doris in the guise of a wealthy Texan—and uses his disembodied telephone voice to further the masquerade. His little plan is complicated by the fact that his best friend, Tony Randall, is also in love with the girl; and by some singularly bad advice passed on to him by Thelma Ritter, her bibulous maid.

All of this serves as a sturdy springboard to some witty, wicked lines and wonderful sight gags. Miss Day, as might be expected, sings a couple of catchy numbers—and, as might *not* be expected, Rock Hudson discloses a pleasant, if uncertain, baritone. But vocal honors go to Perry Blackwell, a cheery night-club chanteuse with an infectious style.

Ross Hunter has framed his lavish settings in CinemaScope, and director Michael Gordon has used its extra-wide expanse for clever, and sometimes hilarious, split-screen work. It's one occasion where everyone concerned seems to know exactly what he is doing, and does it well.

"Career" (Paramount), based on James Lee's off-Broadway play about the arduous climb of a would-be actor, is one of those films just good enough that you wish it might have been better. Time and again it captures both the dedication and the frustration of a young man bent on stardom, only to dissipate the effect in awkwardly written, inconclusive, and melodramatic scenes.

Time and again the *milieu* of backstage Broadway, a Hollywood studio, or a seedy, midtown actors' boarding house is conveyed vividly and economically, then promptly lost through stagey, unconvincing dialogue. This would seem to suggest that the major fault lies in the writing (Mr. Lee did the screenplay himself), but Joseph Anthony's over-emphatic direction certainly helps point up all the weaknesses. With every shot played to the hilt, there is little room for shading or nuance. As a result, the characters so earnestly portrayed by Anthony Franciosa, Dean Martin, Shirley MacLaine, and Carolyn Jones do not grow during the fourteen-year time span of "Career"; they merely gray. And yet the film has moments of honesty and accuracy that place it high on the list of "might have beens."

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

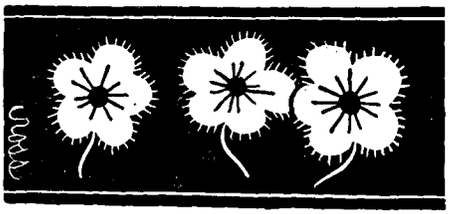
Controlled Disarmament

WHEN you come to think of it what could be more tedious than listening to one man croon eighteen consecutive songs at you in a foreign language you only half comprehend. Fortunately, you never come to think of it, for Yves Montand is a skilful performer with a thoroughly disarming personality.

He is as relaxed as Perry Como, as virilely graceful as Joe DiMaggio, and as quick to sense the romantic ironies of life as Maurice Chevalier. But perhaps more important than any of these things is his natural sense of gentleness. Like a good lover he never lets anything happen too abruptly. When he finishes a jazzy number, he allows the mood to linger on as he jitterbugs lightly in private reverie a few seconds before he pulls himself together for the next song.

While there is no big impact in **"An Evening with Yves Montand,"** the whole evening always seems to have direction and design. There are nice flashes of humor in his mimicry of a saucy girl on a swing, his take-off on a polished London gangster, or his imitation of a bad imitation of Fred Astaire. And in addition to such items as "Les Feuilles Mortes" and "C'est Si Bon," which he first introduced, there is at least one very catchy new song titled "Le Carrosse."

M. Montand is expertly accompanied by a jazz septet who play behind a gauze curtain. As he moves around between them and the audience, one gets the feeling that here is a talented star who could do just about anything superbly, but who, for the moment, is getting his kicks from singing and dancing. The kicks are partly ours.



LIKE one-man shows, revues also face the necessity of disarming us. Unless they do they become a barrel of clever notions spoiled by a few defective ones. There are currently playing two revues whose success cannot be explained by the hilarity of their sketches or the quality of their songs. Their secret is simply that the performers make you want to like them.

The first is **"TheBilly Barnes Revue,"** which began off-Broadway last June, moved on-Broadway in August, and is about to move a third time to the Lyceum Theatre for an interim booking of three weeks. The majority of its audiences consist of people who go with no great expectation and come away raving about *their* discovery. And because its seven performers, its author-director Bob Rodgers, and its composer Billy Barnes are completely unknown, they all qualify as discoveries.

My own nomination would be Patti Regan, a sour-faced young comedienne who does a reluctant crawl and grind dance while singing "What Ever Happened To?" a few of the more perishable figures in recent American history. The show also contains some excellent take-offs on Leonard Bernstein, Christopher Plummer, Mort Sahl, Fred Astaire, and Los Angeles (the city, not the singer). And when the material lags, one can always listen to the twin piano playing of Billy Barnes and Armin Hoffman, who, I have been advised, are the best since Ohman and Arden.

Since revues feed on topical absurdi-

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ties, they cannot often stand revival. "**Lend an Ear,**" a Broadway hit of eleven seasons ago proves the exception. As performed off-Broadway at the Renata Theatre, a slightly revised edition of Charles Gaynor's show manages not to seem dated. Still hilarious is "The Gladiola Girl," a capsule parody of the same sort of musical Sandy Wilson later treated so successfully in "The Boy Friend." And similarly amusing is the burlesque of grand opera's inane librettos, with Jenny Lou Law, Al Checco, and Charles Nelson Reilly treating us to a final burst of the versatile talent they exhibit so formidably throughout the evening.

Quite understandably, some of the numbers lapse into mere pleasantness and some of the humor seems milder than what might emerge in a sharp new topical revue, but in this form of theatre one does not inspect one's disarmament.

If David Ross's second revival of Chekhov's "**The Three Sisters**" at his Fourth Street Theatre seems slightly less marvelous than was his first, it is still plenty good enough. It reveals to us again the incredible artistry of a writer who somehow succeeded in creating the essential truth of life with such quality and such sense of proportion that we never doubt the inevitability of its seemingly accidental events.

—Henry Hewes.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Orff and Stravinsky According to Stokowski

PHILOSOPHIC reflections are not commonly the product of an evening's entertainment in the opera house or concert hall, but in juxtaposing Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and Orff's "Carmina Burana" for the opening bill of its new season in City Center, the New York Opera Company has permitted an immediate contrast between two major art movements of the day, as well as providing one of the liveliest evenings in its history. To make the auditor's evening complete, the company turned over its musical resources to Leopold Stokowski, with Paul Sylbert to supervise the staging for "Oedipus" and John Butler in charge of choreographing "Carmina Burana."

Though Carl Orff was an obscure schoolteacher in Bavaria when "Oedipus" was first performed in 1927, and the blackout of German musical activities during the Nazi and war years deterred the spread of his works, "Carmina Burana" has now caught up with it, so far as public knowledge and appreciation are concerned. "Oedipus" had a staged performance in New York as long ago as 1931 under the same Stokowski, but this was the first time locally for "Carmina" to be staged as well as sung.

Despite the differences in their backgrounds, there are some points of resemblance worth noting. Each has a Latin text, and each may be performed on the concert stage without action. More particularly, each respects the modern passion for pastiche, for a mingling of elements, with Stravinsky going back to the oratorio-opera style of the eighteenth century (Bach and Handel especially) for his stylistic allusions, Orff taking his where he finds them. If a broad distinction is tolerable, Stravinsky's reconstruction progresses from the head, in a game of "find the influence" (the winner gets nothing for his pains, it seems to be, but self-satisfaction), whereas Orff's rejuvenation stems from the heart, with little or no regard for gamesmanship. There is no doubt at all which represents the greater level of intellectuality; but there is just as little uncertainty which conveys more that is generally pleasurable, communicative, and generally successful. In terms of whether it is preferable to be popular or profound, Stravinsky aims higher, but Orff hits his target dead center.

The elements which went into making his marksmanship apparent were all of the first quality, beginning with Stokowski himself, who is just as effective (if not so theatrical) in the opera house as he is in the concert hall. Excellent orchestral playing and choral singing put a firm foundation under the solo efforts of John Reardon, John Alexander, and Reri Grist, a graduate of "West Side Story," who sang her music with lovely sound and charming style.

Working within a simple but effective scenic background by Sylbert, Butler has managed to mirror the wide-ranging moods treated by Orff with the imagination and judgement to make the dance a stylized counterpart of its verbal impulses, sacred and profane. With Carmen de Lavallade winding sensuously, artfully, decoratively through the various sequences as a truly "moving" spirit, Veronika Mlakar as her beguiling alternate, and Scott Douglas and Glen Tetley as their male opposites, he states a theme of action susceptible to infinite variation. His liveliest, most lithesome moments came, properly, in the section entitled "The Tavern" (a good subject for a thirteenth-century Kefauver Committee), but there was a fine lyric latitude in "The Court of Love" as well.

In its way, the presentation of "Oedipus Rex" against a fresco-like drop bearing lettered suggestions of the characters' names was as carefully planned by Sylbert. It differed in detail from the plan of production outlined in the score, but the spiritual affinity was sufficient. With Wesley Addey as a well-spoken narrator (Jason Robards, Jr. withdrew after the dress rehearsal presumably because of illness), Richard Cassilly providing a strong voice for Oedipus, and Claramae Turner an equally suitable one for Jocasta, the enterprise had all the visual and aural elements it could reasonably ask.

It comes, of course, to a grandiose climax of cool, calculated tragedy, with some memorable musical moments along the way. But it has an uncomfortable disparity of elements not molded into a single musical sound: a narrative spoken in a modern tongue (here English, originally Jean Cocteau's French), a choral and solo text in Latin (the orchestra speaks mostly Russian). Stravinsky explained his preference by contending that the "dead" language could be manipulated for sound values only, without respect to intelligible meaning. But his practice is repeatedly otherwise, with dramatic purpose imparted to such phrases as "gloria, gloria" or "dixit,

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dixit" whenever he chooses, and the *meaning* of "Mortuus est Polybus" or "Lux facta est" as much a part of the communication as the music which accompanies them. Basically, however, the setting takes an inordinate time to attain the level of its tragic premise. It does, eventually, but this hardly makes for a whole work.

Taken together "Oedipus" and "Carmina Burana" represent a kind of musical theatre too seldom presented hereabouts and practically never on the level projected by Stokowski. No one with a broad interest in the subject should pass it by.

INASMUCH as two of the greatest Spanish dancers (female) were associated with Argentina (the original bearer of the name, Antonia Mercé, and the later Encarcion Lopez) there is no reason to rule out similar possibilities for a native (male) of Mexico. What Roberto Iglesias has built on such a background, plus training in San Francisco and New York, is visible with the company bearing his name at the Winter Garden which presents new scenery, new numbers, and new personnel.

Most of the emphasis however, remains. Iglesias is a dynamic, highly disciplined dancing mechanism, with some facial suggestions of the younger Marlon Brando. In the more ambitious items, elements of ballet are integrated with the vocabulary of Spanish dance in an international spirit which, if not "pure" is enlivening, arousing, also a little unrelenting in its pursuit of sock and wow, not to say "Olé!" What is needed is more contrast of mood and manner, which he leaves, largely, to other, less compelling associates.

In his specialities—especially "Gaditanas," "Soledad Montoya," and "Corrido"—Iglesias shows an imposing command of the taut (well-taught) body which first attracted attention when he danced with Rosario and Antonio a decade ago. No matter the situation, he commands the first requisite of the supreme dancer—a sense of limitless energy in reserve. The flint to his steel was provided by Rosario Galán, a smoldering core of fiery energy, whose youthful outbursts are barely less than incendiary. Ana Mercedes sounds a quieter note in a jangle of movement which needs a sure hand of organization to make a composition of its components.

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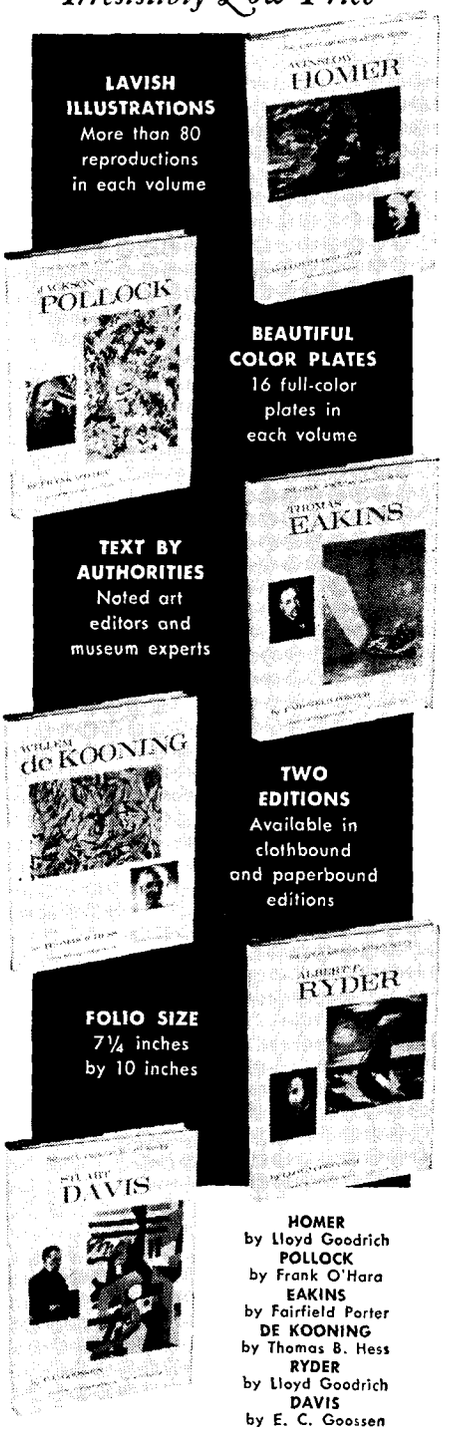

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OF ALL of verdant Hawaii—the crashing hills and the circling beaches of Oahu, the volcanoes and the fern forests of the Big Island or the soft verdure of Kauai—nowhere does history well up with such headiness as it does at Lahaina, the bygone port of a bygone day on the coast of West Maui. Once the royal capital of the Hawaiian kings, once the licentious funhouse of American whalers, Lahaina lives, drowsy with too many yesterdays, far from the trampling tourists and the frenetic sightseeing buses of other Hawaiian islands, where it has become the practice to load and unload visitors in a method that approximates assembly-line tourism.

Lahaina is none of that, for here there is just one creaky hotel, by no means luxurious, except that it is run with a soft Hawaiian charm by an ample lady named Sarah Kaumeheiwa. The beds are new and the linen is clean, but all of the rest dates back to 1900, which is brand new by Lahaina standards. Double hibiscus blossoms grace the breakfast table and the poi-padded waitress who brings it will have plumeria in her hair. But that will be the only meal you will get at the hotel, which is called the Pioneer, for the traffic as yet does not warrant rebuilding the aged kitchen.

For other meals you must experiment with the little Japanese restaurants in town or else stroll across the square to the Banyan Inn where, in a lush tropical garden of tree ferns and banana fronds, the unromantic owner has set up formica-topped tables that glow at night with the jaundice of yellow fluorescent tubes. Birds and butterflies flit through the garden, but the bar is glass brick and a pair of juke boxes wait at the ready to send couples twirling around the cement dance floor.

To get to the inn from the Pioneer you walk in shade under the incredible canopy of an immense banyan tree that was planted in 1878, the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Lahaina's first mission. Missions were established throughout the islands, but nowhere were their activities more famous than at Lahaina. Two missionaries were brought here by the Queen Mother, Keopuolani, who was a widow of the great King Kamehameha I. Keopuolani, gathering - clouds - of - heaven, was the highest ranking of the *alii*, the ranking nobles, and she brought the missionaries to teach her to read and to introduce her into the new religion. She was the first heathen baptized into the Congregationalist church.

The whalers, who made the long circuitous route from Boston, left their morals and their manners at Cape Horn, and heeled into Lahaina in search of happy times. The girls were only too willing. Both girls and sailors ran headlong into the righteous missionaries who had great influence at court and laws were exacted to suppress the vice in what a missionary called "one of the breathing holes of hell." Sailors overran the town and rioted. One American warship is said to have had the anti-vice laws lifted on threat of violence. Angry crews of the whalers and sandalwood traders fired on the town during the Lahaina Outrages of 1825-1826, and the shells landed on the lawn of the Rev. William Richards.

Of all of Lahaina's many historical relics, only the jail house is being rebuilt. The jail was the final repository of the unmanageable whalers who, in an unpopular missionary-induced law of the early 1800s were bid to return to their ships each night at the sound of the conch shell horn. Those who broke the curfew were rounded up and placed in a corral known as the *pa pelekane*. *Pelekane* was the word for seafarer or British sailor, for it was Cook and his ship that had come first. Later the jail was built and murdering whalers were hung from its breadfruit tree.

The bar in the Pioneer has been called the Whaler's Grog Shop in honor of that bristling bygone era, and the drink of the house is a "harpoon." The square in front was the king's own taro patch in the royal days, and, where whaling ships out of Boston gathered at the wharfs, there is a handful of yachts and pleasure craft, many of them resting before the run south to Tahiti. Even the channel leading out of the West Maui harbor is called Keala-I-Kahiki Channel, for it was by this route that some of the early Polynesians who had come from Tahiti and Bora Bora made return trips to the homeland. When the missionaries first transcribed the Hawaiian language they used k's instead of the t's employed by other transliterators (as well as p's for b's). So Kahiki meant Tahiti, the land where they came from. (And in Hawaiian the Tahitian *tabu* became *kapu*.)

The few pioneering tourists who come to the Pioneer Hotel lounge around the porch at night listening to the strumming of the ukeleles and the rush of the surf where the Hawaiians swam in the old days, much to the consternation of the missionaries who thought it an unhealthy practice. Down the street is the courthouse and post office, once the old custom house that had been built using the same coral bricks that were once a part of Kamehameha's palace. There is the relic of the Hale Aloha, the first missionary church, and one can tramp through the ancient Lahaina graveyard which still holds the remains of two queens, Kalakua and Keopuolani, of Governor Hoapili of Maui and of the Reverend William Richards, whose pious rules brought down the wrath and the cannonades of the whalers. The site of Wil-

Lahaina — once the royal capital of kings, licentious funhouse of whalers, now drowsy with too many yesterdays.

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liams home is now a volleyball court which stands alongside the Baldwin House, home of another missionary family who branched out and became rich and famous. Dr. Baldwin's son, Henry Perrine Baldwin, founded plantations and the firm of Alexander and Baldwin, factors for sugar, pineapple, shipping and insurance, and one of the "Big Five" among Hawaiian corporations. Some modern observers of the Hawaiian passing scene think the Big Five should be the Big Seven, adding Harry Bridges's union and Henry Kaiser's growing ventures in hotels, hospitals, and homes.

A few miles away and still running is the old Lahainaluna School which in 1832 began publishing what is believed to be the first newspaper west of the Rockies. Even California children were sent to school here and here the Bible was translated from English into Hawaiian and printed. It shelters now a small museum of assorted artifacts of the royal Hawaiian days—ukeleles made of coconut wood, peacock feather leis used by Honolulu dancers from the court of King Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani.

Downtown Lahaina still sleeps peacefully in heat-stilled torpor, with the old wooden buildings resting there on the coconut wood pilings, and the store fronts shading their windows from the hot afternoon sun blazing out of the Pacific. The Chee Kung Tong Society still occupies a two-story gingerbread frame house. On the porch an ancient Chinese who speaks no English smokes a water-cooled bamboo pipe, and the air already heavy with the smell of molasses is perfumed with its smoke.

ALTHOUGH Lahaina is remindful and even proud of its history, it has barely stirred itself to preserve it. There are no markers on the buildings of importance to tell the few tourists who do find their way here of the momentous events of the past. Most of the graves of the fanciful citizens who lie in its cemetery are known but unmarked. Author James Michener, much of whose new book, "Hawaii," to be published this fall, is set in Lahaina, offered the town a grant to restore its historical sites, but he never got an answer from the elders.

There are signs now that some of this stillness will be broken for American Factors would like to turn Kaanapali, a 400-acre beach front site it owns, into a sort of second Waikiki. The great expanse of land includes some two and a half miles of magnificent sand beach which is divided in half by an outcropping of black lava rock that runs down into the sea and turns red in the setting sun. The company has laid out twelve sites for hotels, paid out

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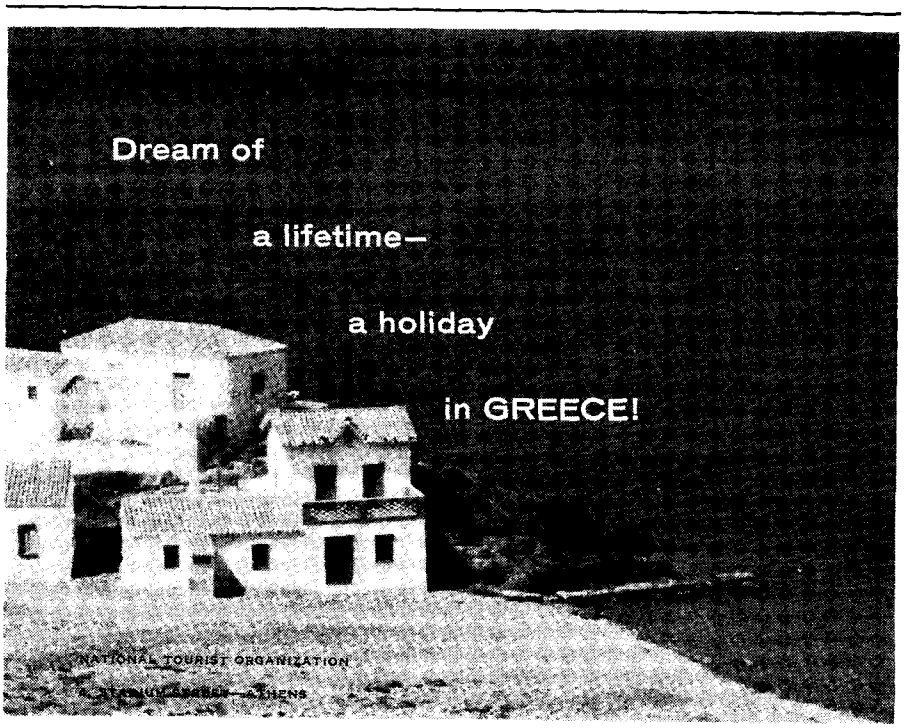

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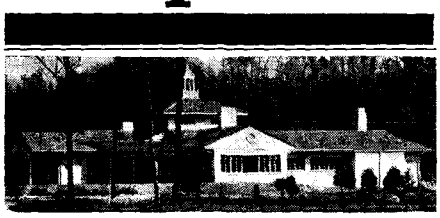

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The face of Polynesia — in the night "the strumming of ukeleles and the rush of the surf."

some $350,000 in engineering fees, persuaded the county to spend nearly $500,000 on moving and improving the highway, a project which has recently been completed. Land reclaimed by the moved roadway and some that will be converted from sugar planting will be turned into a golf course available to all the guests of all the twelve hotels, at least one of which was to have been built by American Factors itself. As for the remainder, American Factors would like to rent its land on fifty-five year leases to interested hotel builders. So far two factors have held back this second Waikiki. The first has been a sugar strike which depleted cash reserves. The second has been the clarification of just who would own what mineral reserves might exist under the land if a hotel were to lease the land. Plantation spokesmen have made it plain that once these blocks have been removed, and of course, the tenants signed, the transformation will begin and Kaanapali will become one of the world's outstanding resorts.

STRANGELY enough, while this lovely beachfront land, near this old historical center goes begging, the Kona Coast on the Big Island of Hawaii, adds hotel after hotel. The latest, to be called the Kamehameha, is being edged into a narrow sliver of land, with big gas tanks behind it, a warehouse alongside it, and a wharfside cattle pen for a frontal view. It has a tiny beach, the only one for that matter along the whole Kona Coast. The Kona Inn, largest of the hotels in this resort, relies on a large ocean-side pool fed by the giant combers which crash against its retaining wall, filling it with spray and washing poolside lingerers into the tank. A handful of bathers loll on the artificial sand lawn, and the spell of the long sunny afternoons is broken only by the ringing of a bell when a sports fisherman comes in with a sizable marlin. Then the catch is hoisted to a yardarm and the fish is admired and photographed.

Yet, beyond the ever present sun, the growing jumble of shops, and the happy fishing grounds offshore, there is little that Kona holds for me. For one thing the travel agents, whether they are in Honolulu or on the Mainland, have infected the Big Island with a frantic system of shuttling travelers up, down, and around the real estate in the shortest number of days, a method that requires a daily luncheon buffet at most hotels, necessitates early morning breakfast hours that run from 7 A.M. until 9 A.M. Each noontime the lobbies are filled with a mass of baggage and steaming tourists who are transported to the inadequate Kona Airport where the whole scene is replayed until both Hawaiian Airlines and Aloha Airlines have deposited the human cargo they have brought and picked up the next load. Both airlines schedule their flights within a few minutes of each other in order to facilitate the scurrying tour buses.

IN their mad scheduling, the tour designers have all but shut out that unique establishment, the Volcano House, a cool refuge at the very edge of a volcano, where Uncle George Lycurgus, the 100-year-old owner, still sits in the lobby dressed in a checked wool shirt, an ancient fedora with a feather lei for a hatband, and leather puttees, looking for all the world as if he were about to embark by foot across the crater, as indeed travelers can do to this day. Although the rooms are new, the beds soft, the weather cool, the view unduplicated anywhere in the world, Volcano House has, in this the busiest of all Hawaiian summers, been all but bypassed except for lunch.

The whole hurry-scurry concept laid out by the tour operators for the Big Island, seems about as un-Hawaiian as the subway in the rush hour, and it would not induce me for a minute to contemplate two sunny weeks under the Kona palms. I found myself, instead, dreaming longingly of such quieter dells as the elegant Hana Maui on Maui, the lovely Coco Palms on Kauai, even the pleasant Naniloa at Hilo where the food is magnificent, and hoping fervently that what American Factors has in mind for the environs of sleepy old Lahaina is not way stations for a relay race, but a dozen hotels where a man can lose the frenzy of that other world in the deep warm sands on the beach at Kaanapali.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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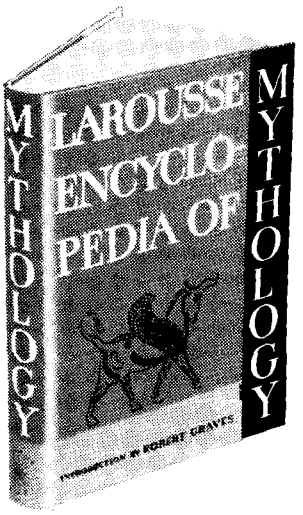

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Thespis Made His Mind Up

***"Act One: An Autobiography," by Moss Hart** (Random House. 444 pp. $5), as corroborated in the Critics' Poll on page 18, is, in theatrical annals, a singular first-person account. Motion-picture critic Hollis Alpert has himself had a taste of the boards in the plans for dramatizing his novel "The Summer Lovers."*

By Hollis Alpert

THERE are so many wonderful things Moss Hart does not do in his autobiography, "Act One," that there may not be enough space to list all the wonderful things he *does* do. He is not, for instance, pretentious, sententious, overly modest, smug, egotistic. He doesn't name-drop, or place-drop; he doesn't give the weekly grosses of "Lady in the Dark" or "You Can't Take It with You." He doesn't tell how he almost did not direct "My Fair Lady." He has instead written a delightful, candid, totally absorbing book about a chap, incidentally named Moss Hart, who fell in love with the theatre when he was seven years old, who maintained that love through failure, chagrin, and near-starvation, and who is willing to admit with utter frankness that the money he eventually made was one of the most pleasant things ever to happen to him.

The book may be slightly Alger-like as pluck, luck, and a series of fortunate and unfortunate circumstances led the boy to one of the most illustrious careers in the modern American theatre, but that pattern doesn't detract in the least from the charm of the most engrossing autobiography I have yet to read by an important figure of the theatre. Mr. Hart is the first to acknowledge that this life somehow fell into a familiar pattern; but beyond that he has such a wealth of anecdote and incident to relate that you soon forget it and become as involved as the author in how he happened to make his quite fabulous way. Don't expect him, however, to finish the story in this volume. The book is exactly as the title implies, and after an intermission, which I hope won't be long, there is more to come.

Meanwhile, it is altogether fascinating to follow Mr. Hart from his poverty-stricken childhood through his first years in the theatre. He was the son of a cigar-maker whose handwork could not compete with newly invented machines, and his childhood might have been utterly blighted were it not for his Aunt Kate, an incurably romantic spinster (and a wonderfully touching figure in the chronicle), who insisted on taking him to see plays two and three times a week even when the money might have been better used to feed the gas meter. She provided, he says, a "small patch of lunatic brightness" in an otherwise dark period.

When he was seventeen he managed to enter the theatre world as office boy to Augustus Pitou, "King of the One Night Stands," who hired Anne Nichols to provide the material for the stock companies he sent across the land. Miss Nichols defected when "Abie's Irish Rose" made it unnecessary for her to work another stitch, and the young office boy, writing under a pseudonym, attempted to fill the gap with his first play, "The Beloved Bandit." It was disaster for everyone concerned with the production, and produced playwright though he was at eighteen, Moss Hart turned to acting, actually got on the stage in a production of "The Emperor Jones," and then became a director of little theatre groups with the help of a wildly talented, if undisciplined fellow, called Edward Chodorov.

It was Chodorov who introduced him to the world of summer camps and social directing, and though Hart rose in the hierarchy of social directors, meeting on the way a chap called Dore Schary, he turned again to playwrighting, the very, very serious kind. A chance remark dropped by a producer that he might be better at comedy caused him to try it. He wrote a play called "Once in a Lifetime," and with the completion of the script a series of bizarre adventures began that eventually led to a hit, and the success he was seeking. Along the way he encountered Jed Harris, George S. Kaufman, Sam Harris, and even ran afoul of the barbed tongue of Alexander Woollcott. His portrait of Kaufman is particularly affectionate, and is so marvelously done that for all I know it may be classic. It is possible that some will carp that Mr. Hart typifies the hit psychology of Broadway theatre, but they will be carping at success and at a man who has done much to brighten it. As I suspected, I lack the space to describe the many qualities of the book. Let me say, at least, that this chronicle of an admittedly stage-struck man is witty, funny, poignant, and delightful, and that it is told with rare polish and skill. In other words, I loved it.

DUMAS-TAILORED ACTOR: Frédérick Lemaître (1800-1876) is, for most, at best a character in the film "*Les Enfants du Paradis*," at worst an actor of tattered passions contemporaneous with Talma and Kean. Our ignorance of him is unfortunate: 100 years ago he was generally accounted the greatest actor of his time; his own satire, "Robert Macaire," shook the power of Louis-Philippe; and his wake cut deep in those swirling dramatic currents: classicism, melodrama, romanticism. For that reason "**The Life and Times of Frederick Lemaître**" (Essential Books, $5.) is welcome.

The first biographer of Lemaître in English, Robert Baldick has generously labored to stage the entire drama within which he lived: the physical setting, the history, and the culture of nineteenth-century France. In those of us who would do more for our own ailing drama than wanly hold its hand, ignorance of Lemaître may, thus, be also unwise, for his career suggests much about the theatre's potentially fruitful or destructive relationships with its time.

Mr. Baldick is least successful when linking Lemaître to the frenetic political activity of his day. The life and the times are in places integrated only erratically or mechanically. Perhaps this was unavoidable: Lemaître lived and acted the romantic idealism and driven passion that inscrutably convulsed the French throughout the century. One forgives a weakness of organization, therefore, in return for things revealed: the running fight of the theatres with government and their liaison with Republican forces (the last barricades fell usually in the theatre district).

Mr. Baldick is more successful as

—From "The Life and Times of Frédérick Lemaître.

Lemaître—The romantic idealism.

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biographer. His treatment is scholarly and chronological. He has, apparently quite deliberately, attempted none of the psychological analysis, rigid selectivity, and evocative prose of the "new" biography. The details, however, suffice. Lemaitre's turbulent personal affairs never affected his acting, to which he sacrificed everything. Mr. Baldick transmits rich and frequent contemporary descriptions of that art.

The author is most successful as theatrical historian. Those were interesting decades. The Comédie-Française stolidly guarded its prerogatives, but the popular theatre of the Boulevard du Crime boiled continuously. Audiences cared, to the riot, about "things of the mind." The drama mattered: Daumier and Gautier involved themselves; Balzac, Dumas, and Hugo tailored plays to Lemaître's fervent genius—to make money, yes, but also because the stage was a podium, an artistic search for mode and meaning, an excitement. Mr. Baldick's nice ear for anecdote communicates that excitement.

—Curtis C. Page.

DIARY OF A FILM: Otto Preminger, no man to leave a stone unturned if there might be publicity pay-dirt underneath, arranged to have "**Anatomy of a Motion Picture**" (St. Martin's Press, $5.95) prepared while he himself was busily producing "Anatomy of a Murder." The idea behind the book is a valid one. By tracing the day-to-day events in the creation of a specific film, he felt, students and the interested lay public could get a fairly good notion of the problems involved in all movie production. Richard Griffith, the curator of the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, was brought in to do the text, Gjon Mili and Al St. Hilaire to supply the accompanying photographs.

Unfortunately (at least for this theory), "Anatomy of a Murder" turned out to be not at all a typical movie. Shot entirely on location, it was completely dominated by Preminger, who served as both producer and director, and was rushed to the screen with such celerity that not even the book publishers could keep pace. As a result, what Mr. Griffith has given us is a readable and reasonably specific record of the making of a unique film. He tells how the cast was selected, the method of its shooting, editing, and scoring, the logistics of location work. There is also the suggestion that, in this new era of independent production, the pattern of "Anatomy" will increasingly supplant present-day studio norms (thus, in all probability, necessitating a new book for each new film). Inevitably, however, one has the sense that this is merely another of those handsomely produced souvenir programs sold with most two-a-day presentations. —Arthur Knight.

MAN'S INSTITUTIONS

The Future Is in the Past

***"Up from Liberalism," by William F. Buckley** (McDowell, Obolensky. 205 pp. $3.50), voicing the ultra conservative, scorches the liberal for many philosophical sins, which, the author asserts, have resulted in "the erosion of Western values." Massimo Salvadori, professor of history at Smith and Bennington, wrote "Economics of Freedom: American Capitalism Today."*

By Massimo Salvadori

TWENTY-TWO years ago Stephen Spender's "Forward from Liberalism" appeared. Now we have William F. Buckley's "Up from Liberalism." The Britisher, who has since changed his mind, was convinced that liberal democracy had become meaningless and that it was necessary to move "forward" towards Communism; Mr. Buckley finds liberalism a web of errors and evils and advocates moving "up" to a conservative position best defined perhaps through his admiration for Senator Joseph McCarthy.

"Up from Liberalism" is a readable and sincere work but as a book it has many, many defects. Much of it is devoted to personalities rather than to ideas, with a good deal of rather scurrilous abuse heaped on opponents. Chapters usually begin with a comment on a book, an article, an episode; the rest consists of generalizations drawn from this single element, the author using throughout the familiar trick of identifying the particular with the universal. There is an excess of scholastic logic, as if the intellectual revolutions of the last 300 years or so—the greatest contribution of the West to man's progress—had never taken place. The reader learns what he should abandon but what is the "up" is left rather vague. Just as Marxists classify under "capitalism" the most varied systems, so Mr. Buckley under "liberalism" puts, absurdly, everything from "modern Republicanism" to integral collectivism. Strangely enough for a writer who prides himself on being a pure logician, there are quite a few contradictory statements.

With all its defects, the book is one more expression of the need deeply felt by a growing number of educated Americans to acquire a clear comprehension of the society they live in and of its ideological foundation. An attempt is made to define positions:

> Liberals . . . tend to believe that the human being is perfectible and social progress predictable, and that the instrument for effecting the two is reason; that truths are transitory [*sic*] and empirically determined; that equality is desirable and attainable through the action of state power.

Most liberals, of course, speak more of improvement than of perfection; if a few determinists think that social progress is predictable, others have insisted on the need to transform institutions through the use of man's will, in order to achieve progress; liberals undoubtedly know that equality, as well as liberty and justice, exist within, not outside, the frame of laws and that therefore they cannot be dissociated from state action.

Apart from these points, Buckley is correct in defining as liberals those who put (besides liberty) progress, equality, reason, and the critical use of our rational powers at the center of their position. He is, of course, wrong in attributing to all American liberals an ideological materialism ill-fitting the liberals' assumption that reason (in which alone liberty is immanent) is the guide to man's action, as well as a col-

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

William Buckley—"liberalism and conservationism are totally incompatible."

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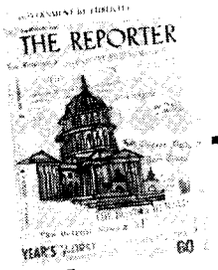

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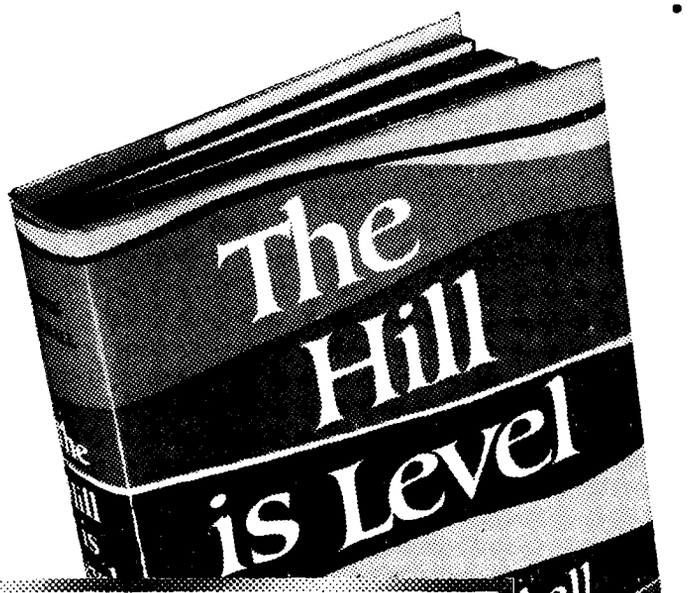
lectivism which is the antithesis of the wider diffusion of economic power and the balance between capital and labor aimed at by New Freedom and New Deal policies.

With regard to conservatism, the author stresses "freedom, individuality, the sense of the community, the sanctity of the family, the supremacy of the conscience, the spiritual view of life." The meaning of these terms is most clearly defined through the liberal tenets Mr. Buckley criticizes: moderation, tolerance, democracy, equality, academic freedom, scientific thought, the priority of method over goals. To summarize his position he writes: "Conservatism is the tacit acknowledgment that all that is finally important in human experience is behind us."

Putting together the various points made in the book, the reader concludes that conservatism means: worship of the past, hierarchy, dogmatism, and authority—a Metternichian system in which freedom has the medieval meaning of privilege, the scourge of free societies. Of concrete suggestions for embodying a conservative policy Mr. Buckley has only one: "to . . . enhance the freedom of the individual to acquire property and dispose of that property in ways he decides on." The main current of American liberalism is the Jeffersonian-Rooseveltian tradition, which recognizes in individual ownership of property a basic element strengthening the autonomy of the citizen, but flatly refuses unlimited license, which can only lead—as it did in so many countries—to the formation of an oligarchy whose members are as unfree in the long run as those who do not belong to it.

According to Mr. Buckley, liberalism and conservatism are totally incompatible. He attributes to liberalism "the erosion of Western values"—or loss of Western influence in the world—ignoring the fact that this erosion has been the outcome of nationalism, irrationalism, monoply capitalism, and other features of that revolt against liberalism for which conservatives feel sympathy. In a world in which most people are striving desperately—as is their right—for a better future, Buckley's conservatism has nothing to offer: his book will unfortunately be a valuable tool for Communist propagandists among Asiatic, African, and Latin American nations.



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Detroit Times: "Probes love in all its aspects. The love of man and wife, of lover and beloved, of passion for the sake of conquest . . . but mostly it concerns itself with mother love."

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Yeats

By Robert Burlingame

O FIRM, rigid
was old mighty Yeats,
his age a gristled arm
of gentlest hardihood.

Could we see him straight,
like sun through diamond lens,
we would understand his youth
late spawned in towered darkness
where old swans mate
in ringed solitude.

Wild Yeats! he soared
beyond a bodily decrepitude,
the doll-like bridal scene;
seized an old bawd
and coined a bright queen
from his blood-darkened dream.

The dance was ended then,
and the gyred decline of day;
suns went blind again
for a girl all love-slobbered gay.

What can youth say
to see this greening grey
clasp all love in life
and form to wife
its friction-quickened clay?

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Two to the Glories of Greece

"Athens in the Age of Pericles," by Charles A. Robinson, Jr. *(University of Oklahoma Press. 165 pp. $2.75), and* ***"Hellenistic Culture: Fusion and Diffusion," by Moses Hadas*** *(Columbia University Press. 324 pp. $6), re-examine the ancient Greeks in relation to the currents in which they were the vortex. Philip Lee Ralph, author of "The Story of Our Civilization," is professor of history at Lake Erie College.*

By Philip Lee Ralph

THE STORY of Greece—so tiny in size, so large in achievement—never loses its fascination, whether or not Arnold Toynbee exaggerated in claiming that the Hellenic "still outshines every other civilization that has ever come into existence up to the present." At least there is no end to the flow of books on various aspects of the Greek experience and heritage. Professor Robinson's slim volume is the first in the University of Oklahoma Press's Centers of Civilization Series, which promises to be a pleasant addition to the literature on cultural history for the nonprofessional student. Professor Hadas's ambitious survey is directed to fellow-scholars but is not too formidable to be of interest to the general reader with grit in his craw.

Athens in the Age of Pericles is a subject that could hardly miss when handled by a seasoned classicist and archaeologist with a deep and disciplined reverence for his theme. Mr. Robinson's essay is something of a panegyric, starting with the assumption that "the Greeks were gifted beyond normal mortals . . . surpassingly devoted to rationalism . . . the first to discover man, as Israel had God." The key to Athenian preeminence among the Greeks, he finds, rests—not surprisingly—in the growth and flowering of Athenian democracy, as well as in the fact that all the communities of Attica had transferred their sovereignty to the city of Athens. Mr. Robinson's explanation of the structure and operation of the democracy is excellent, as is his description of the art of the Acropolis and of the annual theatrical festivals. Wisely he points out that Pericles, for all his ability and patriotism, was no infallible statesman, that he paved the way for disaster by his inflexible imperialism and actually perverted the Athenian constitution (the payment of a daily wage to jurors was "a form of old-age pension" bound to win popular support). However, the book fails to give a completely rounded account of Athens in the Periclean age, and interpretation is sacrificed to excessively long quotations from Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, and other easily accessible classics. If, as Mr. Robinson suggests in his last chapter, "the secret of history's most important lesson" lies in the problem of the downfall of democracy in both Greece and Rome, he does not unlock the secret.

Moses Hadas, prolific classical scholar, editor and translator of Tacitus, Cicero, and other ancient treasures, recently performed a distinctive service in his admirable translation from the German of Walter Otto's "The Homeric Gods." Professor Hadas's newest book is an examination of a whole culture epoch, the Hellenistic, with a view to assessing the extent of amalgamation between the Greek and Oriental elements in its eclectic civilization. He contends that the fusion process was remarkably complete and two-directional, so that Western (Greek) motifs and concepts which were borrowed and adapted by Near Eastern peoples after the conquests of Alexander the Great eventually returned to the West with their potency not dissipated but actually increased. Ultimately the diffusion of Hellenistic ideals throughout the Roman Empire laid the basis for what we know as Western civilization: "Out of the amalgam emerged the civilization of Europe."

In spite of long absorption with ancient Greek and Latin literature (his histories of these two literatures are standard works), Dr. Hadas is able to maintain objectivity in tracing the interaction between Greeks and barbarians, and he does not let the glories of the golden age of Pericles blind him to the more diffuse splendor of the post-Alexandrian period. Rejecting the traditional "Olympian" view, which attached little significance to Greek history after the Peloponnesian War, he argues that, admitting changes in taste and emphasis, Hellenistic culture was not decadent, least of all in the plastic arts. Even for the classical period, he believes, the differences between Hellenic and non-Hellenic peoples has been exaggerated.

"We may hazard the paradox that it was the influence from the East that gave Greece the rationalist bent we consider characteristic"; whereas the Orphic cult, indigenous to Greece, and Pythagoreanism provided a constant strain of dualism and mysticism which threatened to smother political and intellectual enlightenment. Dr. Hadas sees no reason to credit Eastern influence for the mystical and antidemocratic biases in Plato (the latter obviously derives from Sparta); but Plato became the supreme Hellenizer among Eastern peoples and perhaps bears "the major responsibility for shaping the East's eventual contribution to the West."

Hadas's thesis as to the importance of the Hellenistic age for fusing and transmitting culture elements is neither new nor startling. What he has done is to illustrate the process specifically and abundantly, but almost exclusively through an examination of Jewish sources, both Palestinian and Diaspora, particularly Jewish literature. He touches very lightly on the records of Egyptians, Syrians, Persians, or other Eastern peoples (except for perceptive references to Hellenistic influence in the evolution of Buddhist art in India).

More questionable is his tendency to push parallels to extremes and to read into the evidence more than is warranted. Many of his illustrations are illuminating—for instance when he compares

—From: "Eternal Greece," by Rex Warner and Martin Hurlimann (Studio Books—Viking)

Mascophorus from the Acropolis

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the voice of God out of the whirlwind in Job to the *deus ex machina* of Euripides, or points out that the Gospel account of St. Paul's address to the Athenians follows a standard Hellenistic literary pattern. But it seems to be stretching things too far to argue that belief in the immortality of the soul is so uniquely Platonic that it could have passed into the Judeo-Christian tradition only from Plato's "Gorgias" (by way of IV Maccabees); that Thomas Aquinas took over literally Posidonius's doctrine of the authority of the will of God; that Biblical tradition is the only valid pattern for the Augustan concept of Rome's divine mission, which constitutes a doctrine of election and "a precise parallel to that in the Old Testament"; or that in Livy's History and the historical books of the Old Testament "Roman and Jewish ideas approach identity."

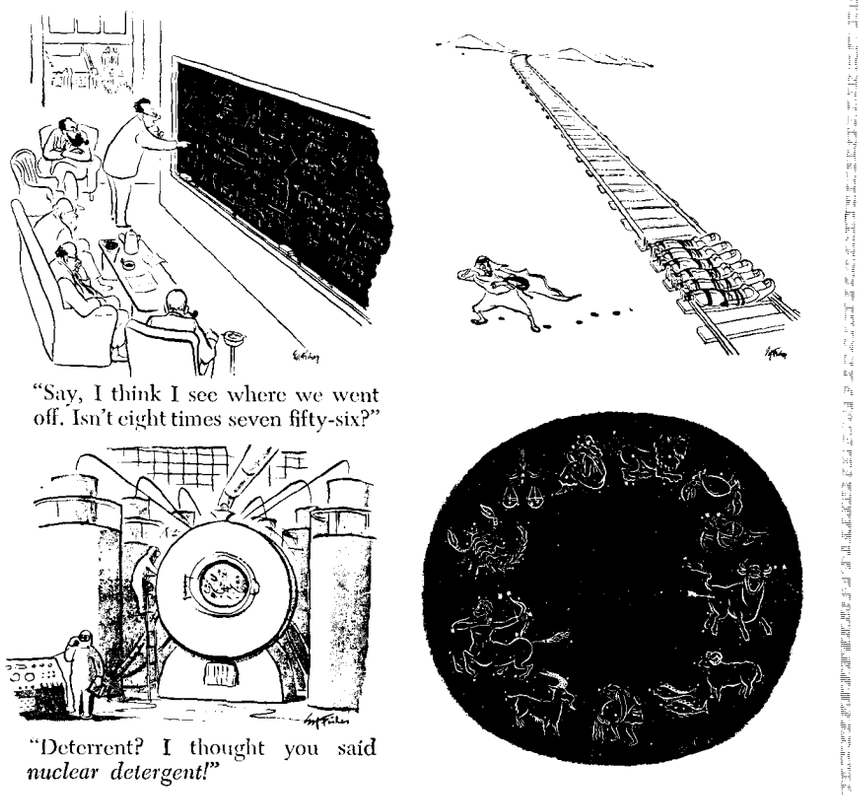
Hadas has tackled a prodigious subject, and if his book provokes controversy it will be of a wholesome kind. His documentation is thorough, his command of his materials is masterful, his style is clear and cogent, his metaphors original and apt. He has shown how the process of assimilation strengthened the faith in a common humanity, in spite of the eventual triumph of Oriental despotism even in Rome itself; and his book should help correct the stock notion that Western civilization derives from two separate and distinct sources—the Greco-Roman *and* the Judeo-Christian: "Christianity borrowed from a Judaism already Hellenized."

To the Bureau of the Census:

By Lue Etta White

I WAS born in 1895, the onliest
child of Jace White and Lue
Etta Johnson, Fort
Necessity, Franklin
County, Louisiana, baptised
in the Morningside
Baptist church that has a
creek run through the grave
yard. My folks
died when I was small I knows
their names because I read them in the
Bible. I moved in with some
other folks they worked for Mr.
Bonner on his farm wasn't no
address. They was so many
children at that
house, I didn't think a soul
knew I was there and now they tell
me that you came and counted
me. Enclosed six dollars can I have
two copies, one for the
Retirements, and one for me
to show that I was there.

HUMOR



"Say, I think I see where we went off. Isn't eight times seven fifty-six?"

"Deterrent? I thought you said *nuclear detergent!*"

ED FISHER, whose funny and profound cartoons enliven and enlighten SR's pages, has now corralled a collection of his best, which Macmillan has just published as "Ed Fisher's First Folio" ($3.95).

LIGHTSOME FOLLIES: That artistically ubiquitous lady, Cornelia Otis Skinner, has won an affectionate following among a large number of Americans who have heard her as monologuist, seen her in plays, read her as risible writer. In the last-named capacity alone she has racked up ten books—a tribute to her industry, in view of her theatrical career, as well as to her indefatigable sense of humor. But, at the risk of seeming churlish, this reviewer's tribute to the *content* of the Skinner humor is definitely qualified, with the twelve sketches in "**The Ape in Me**" (Houghton Mifflin, $3) providing a good case in point, as they display her talent at its brightest and its dimmest. Specifically, in the role of observer of the world's more lightsome follies, she can be an acute and witty commentator—as in "Production-Line Courtesy," for instance, where her X-ray eye for the fraudulent pinpoints some acidulously funny home-truths about the Service-with-a-Smile fetish that pervades certain aspects of modern life. Ranging the field of the more compulsive forms of plane, train, and hotel "hospitality," she notes, "While I am hardly advocating 'Service with a Snarl,' I find myself occasionally wishing for 'Service with a Deadpan,' or just plain Service, executed with efficiency and minus all the Charm School garnish." Bravo! And public-relations nabobs, please note.

When, however, Miss Skinner makes *herself* the target of her wry musings, as she does in most of her essays, she steers an erratic course. In this vein, she repeatedly casts herself in a kind of it's-all-too-much-for-addled-me role, whereas a distinct impression persists that she's about as addled as an IBM computer. Even allowing for broad literary license, the result too often smacks of feminine coyness. For example, in "The Limitations of Word Dropping," she starts out with some lively observations on the use of "stylish terms" and show-off words, but before you can say "dialectically ambivalent" she's off on the witless-me kick, as per these two random samples: "Papal Bull, that obviously must belong in the domestic animal department of the Vatican"; or, "As for *quid pro quo*, I wouldn't have the foggiest notion of what that's about unless it's some classical allusion to chewing tobacco." Again, in "My Life with the Punes on a Desert Island," the lady makes a bemused excursion into history, playing for laughs with free-association gimmicks such as this bit on Julius Caesar: "There were those endless campaigns

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when he marched about dividing Gaul into Three Parts, and pitching his camp across rivers (not to be confused with George Washington pitching a dollar across the Rappahannock)." Well . . .

A variety of other topics comes under scrutiny in "The Ape in Me"—and I'm sure the author's devoted fans won't feel disappointed, as it's all vintage Skinner. But this less devoted reader wishes that Miss Skinner would stop turning the same old bottles and put her comic talents to sharper use. Or, maybe it's just the unappreciative ape in me. —PATRICIA MACMANUS.

LIGHT MELANGE: Imagine, if you will, a combination of Ogden Nash, E. B. White, and Edgar A. Guest, laced with faint overtones of A. A. Milne and Irwin Shaw, and you will have a slight idea of Robert Paul Smith's new book, **"And Another Thing . . ."** (Norton, $2.95). And don't ask me what Irwin Shaw is doing among all those poets; all I know is I caught a whiff of him when reading one or two of the Smith poems.

Of course, it might be fairer to Mr. Smith to imagine a combination of "The Tender Trap" and "'Where Did You Go?' 'Out'," etc., both of which he wrote — and two more dissimilar works would be hard to find. It would appear that he is a man of widely diversified tastes and talents, at the same time nostalgic, sentimental, cynical, homespun, sophisticated, naïve, and world-weary. For instance, his poem "De Gustibus and Non Disputandum, Hear!" starts out: 'Thirty-two canaries/Standing in a row/And every last one of them, singing like a bastard./Do you think I like canaries?/Not me." Compare that with his "First Song," the initial canto of which goes: "When he was born, I did not see him./When he was naked, I could not look./The first day home, the red eyes/The blackened cord, the folded legs./The terrible meager body, the poor little, sore little,/Cut little bud./And all his smiles, they said, were gas./And all the clutching of his fingers on my thumb, they said, were reflexes." There are five cantos to that one, all of them powerful arguments in favor of birth control.

Mr. Smith is, by this time, the living symbol of nostalgic recollections of boyhood, and in the present poems he revisits the old stamping grounds in a variety of moods, ranging from the imaginatively descriptive ("Easting the year's first Concord grapes is like suddenly being able to play the piano by ear") to the faintly cynical ("Summer fruit's icumen in,/Lhude sing phew-phew;/Hybrided beyond belief/To a taste I never knew.") Then, in the title poem, he examines a num-

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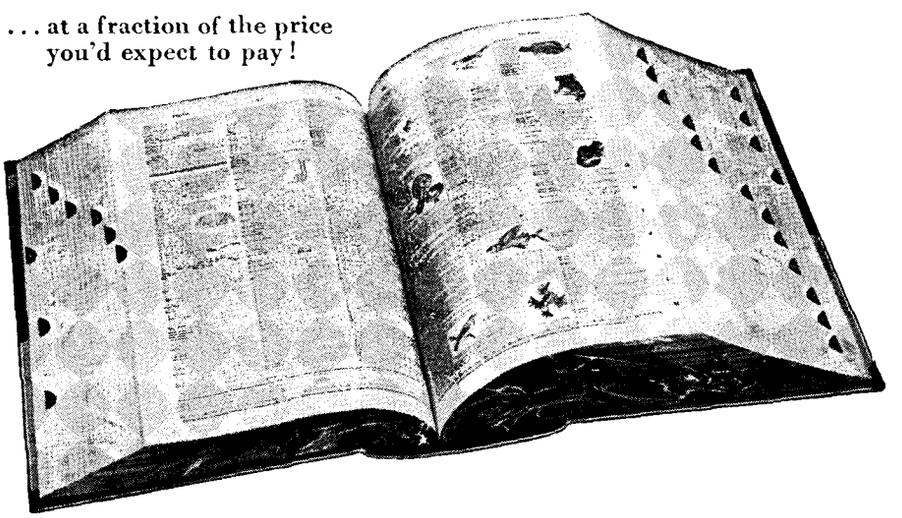

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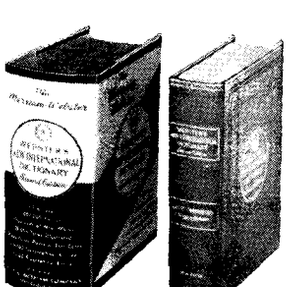

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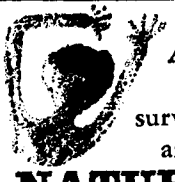

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ber of fruits and foods, decries the modern methods of packaging and preservation, and comes to the conclusion that the only thing that still tastes the way it used to is the cedar-flavored lead pencil. There isn't a soul who could contradict him, but there probably isn't a great deal that can be done about it, either. The way the world is today, only the pencil-eaters can still find a tiny reason for rejoicing.

Personally, I prefer Mr. Smith in his more raffish moods, and there are a number of such poems, most of them too long for quotation but all of them with a pleasant freshness that sets them apart from, if not necessarily above, the rest.

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY.

JACKANAPES AND KISSES: The Russians may have an edge on us in astrophysics, but when it comes to Going Steady they can be outclassed by any average hot-blooded American boy. Not that Dobie Gillis, the culture hero of Max Shulman's **"I Was a Teen-Age Dwarf"** (Bernard Geis Assoc., $3.50), is entirely average. Only thirteen years old at the opening of the novel, he has already been going with girls for three and a half years and writes in the urbane style of Billy Rose. This latest installment of Gillis's progress (he has already appeared in an earlier book and a television series) sees him through puberty, college, marriage, and thirteen Steadies by actual count. Mr. Shulman fills out Dobie's dossier with good humor, a touch of satire, and his customary ebullience—which is dampened not even by an introduction by Art Linkletter.

Dobie's vocation — kissing girls — is made difficult by his height, which is somewhat below average, and the youth is compelled either to forage for short girls or to exhaust his ingenuity mesmerizing taller ones. The story begins and ends with Dobie in the arms of a miniature, but it is in his pursuit of the outsize date that Gillis has his finest hours.

All in the cause of his hobby he learns the guitar, takes ballet lessons, switches from poetry to engineering, procures a caged wildcat for a sorority house, and engages in sundry other japes. He even has a "Bonjour Tristesse" phase in Paris with a French teener named Berthe LeBlanc. It turns out badly when Berthe falls for Dobie's dad. ("I love you, Herbert, and it is a perfect love—all despair and no fulfillment.") After all this multiple dating and miscellaneous jackanapery, Mr. Shulman brings his voyager safely into port and leaves him at age thirty with a strong-willed wife, an eight-year-old son, a dog, and a debt-ridden house in the environs.

There's a moral here somewhere.—MARTIN LEVIN.

The Monster Who Loved the Hero

By Robert Pack

I met a monster in a wood:
"It's not my fault!" choked through her cries
Blowing her nose as loud as she could,
Tears pouring from her bloodshot eyes.

Being practised in the art,
I raised my lance to poke her through;
But I could not play out my part—
Hers was no strategy I knew.

"The ugliest need love the most,
And if you take me home with you,
You'll find at last someone to trust,
For beauty never could be true."

Such a sentiment made me pause,
Though she was not my type one bit,
It seemed against my whole life's cause
To find love and not pity it.

She saw me weaken and she smiled—
I swear she gloated in her grin;
I must confess, that got me riled:
I took my lance and did her in.

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Fiction

Continued from page 27

volved in one of the daily demonstrations in front of the Parliament, an impressive scene for anyone who would understand the mechanics of apparently senseless mob violence in the Middle East. It is to Deldar that Aryamanesh tries to explain the meaning of the chief's frenetic activity. Political problems, he says, are but respectable symbolic substitutes for the age-old repression of Iran's religious and cultural traditions, the morbid mysticism, the holy superstitions, and the autocracy of parents and teachers.

As the story moves to its tense climax, Aryamanesh discovers that delay and failure to act until the very end allowed him to vent his resentment against his autocratic but well-meaning father. But he also knows that by his guilt he was taking part in the public murder of not only the minister, but the "decrepit, sickly, tyrannical traditions which had mutilated and disfigured me and whose unwitting representative was my poor, dear father."

—JEANETTE WAKIN.

STUMBLING IN SUBURBIA: Something new has been added to the sexual saga of suburbia: homosexuality among the married ladies. This is the subject of Marjorie Lee's first novel, "**The Lion House**" (Rinehart, $3.50).

The central figure is thirty-year-old Frannie Browne, a Bohemian writer turned suburban matron. At a parent-teacher party of the local progressive school she meets Jo Bradford, the wife of an aging Lothario called Brad. Unknown to herself, Jo has homosexual leanings. The two women become close friends. Before long a curious relationship develops between the two women and Brad: he makes passes at Frannie, she responds passionately, and Jo encourages them. Then, in an odd chain of events, Frannie becomes pregnant and has an abortion. Under the influence of anesthesia Frannie, who has come to recognize her own homosexuality, tells Jo that she loves her but Jo refuses to listen. Believing that Brad is the father of Frannie's unborn child, Jo leaves him and takes up with a voyeur called Gordon. After each tryst, she proceeds to describe their lovemaking to Frannie in minute detail. Distraught by these confidences, Frannie offers herself to Jo, but the latter is bewildered and rejects her. Frannie takes refuge in psychiatry and Jo continues on her blind and stumbling way.

Confusing? Yes. What does it all mean? I don't know. Miss Lee's intention may possibly be to imply that

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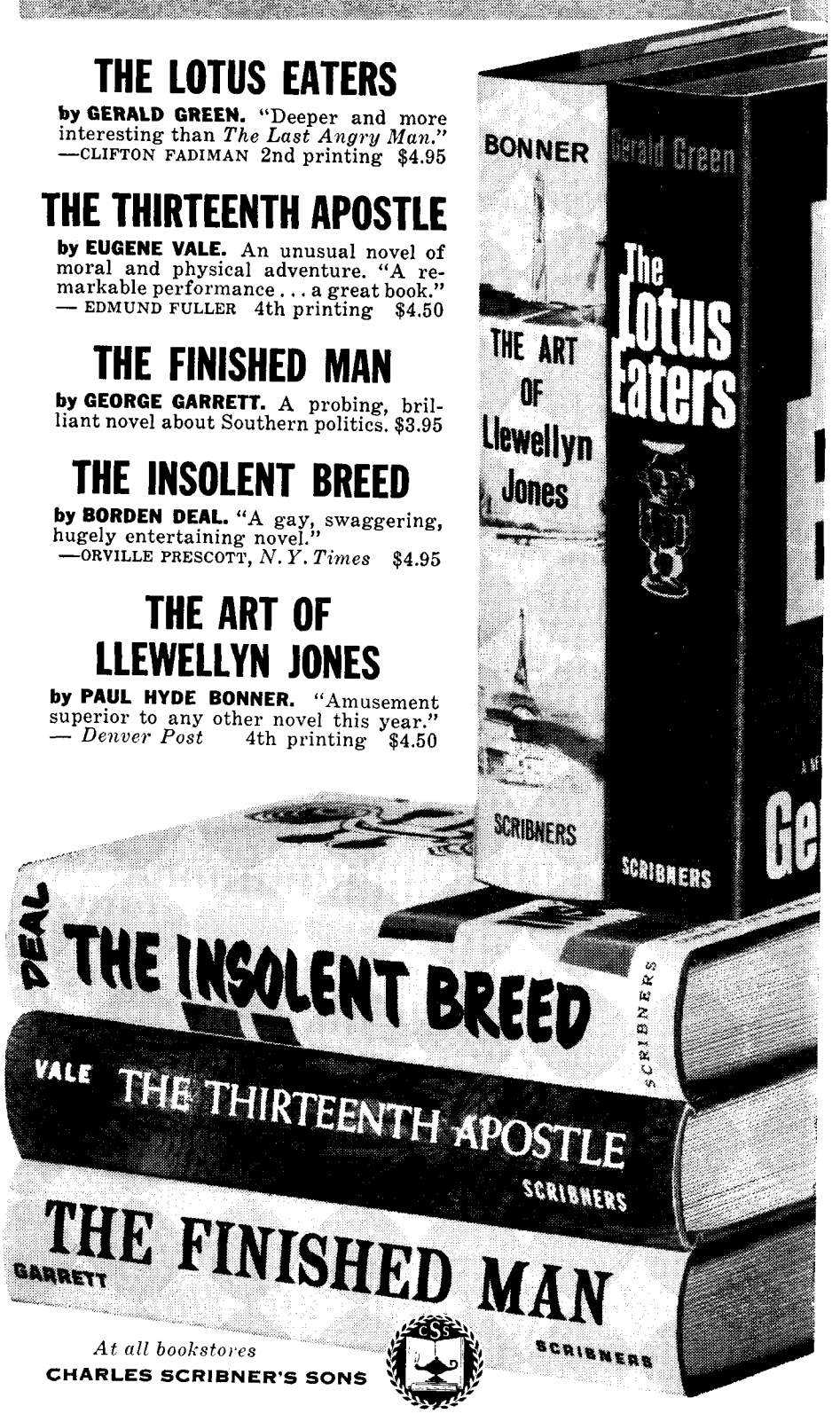

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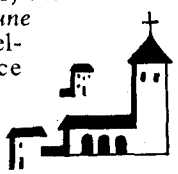

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Frannie's and Jo's experience is not uncommon, for at one point Frannie says, in referring to her sexual dilemma, "There are so many other similar case structures cluttering up the world." Perhaps, but, happily, writers don't often clutter up the pages of a book about them. —Linda B. Caetura.

BOSTONIANS AFLOAT: James Reid Parker, with four volumes of short stories to his credit plus a name well known to readers of *The New Yorker*, is making his debut as a novelist with "**The Merry Wives of Massachusetts**" (Doubleday, $3.75). His story is a simple one centered around Persis Winthrop, a museum worker with more brains than sex appeal. Persis, accompanied by her two widowed aunts and one widowed cousin, all tightly laced in their Boston backgrounds, takes a cruise aboard a Danish freighter. With the happy ending promised from page one, each reaches Denmark having attained the thing she wanted most. For Persis, it's a man; for the three widows it's respectively a cook, a husband with musical interests, and a chance to do veterinary work. How all this comes about makes up the plot—a soufflé garnished with interesting tidbits of information about the food and mores of Denmark and Danes.

The idea of placing unlikely characters in unlikely situations—proper Bostonians on a Danish freighter—is good for a laugh only when the reader believes in and cares for the characters. This is where Mr. Parker has failed as a novelist.

Perhaps it is his short-story background that has caused him to rush his characters aboard ship before the reader has had a chance to know them well and involve himself in their problems. Whatever it is, the fact remains that Persis and her single-blessedness are not touching. That she does not appeal to men is a little difficult to believe when we find her in the arms of the ship's *telegrafist* almost before she has learned where the life jackets are. After all, all we know of the girl is one brief rejection on a first date and the word of the author that the girl doesn't have "it."

The same charge can be leveled in the case of the three widows. Their unbending with the Danish seamen could be great fun if we had ever gotten a penetrating glimpse into their stuffy lives on Beacon Hill. Without it, they seem merely splendid examples of democracy at work.

Despite some amusing incidents, a decided knowledge of his background, and a deft way with words, one must report that though Mr. Parker has launched his ladies handsomely, he himself has missed the boat.

—Haskel Frankel.

New East

Continued from page 23

goals are still a major achievement is ignored. Mr. Clark notes that more important than the goals themselves is the spirit of the people in trying to attain such levels of output. "Statistics," he observes, "miss the point in the telling of China's story." Another point missed in the United States is in limiting understanding of the commune program to expressions of moralistic horror. The fact that we don't want to live in communes does not mean they may not succeed in fulfilling the present needs of China's new society. For as Mr. Clark says of the communes, "Whatever it robs in individuality (a Western prize hardly valid in the East, where hunger is the watchword), it makes up for in security. . . . The commune provides free food, shelter, clothing, medical care, and education."

Lord Boyd Orr, founder of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization and recipient of the Nobel Peace Prize, approaches China from Aberdeen with a thrifty Scottish economy of words and a practical eye to the verities of agriculture, dams, and reclamation, road and railroad building, health, education, housing, and industrialization programs. Although progress was necessarily uneven, this worldly-wise expert made this assessment of what he saw:

> Our own judgment was that, given peace, China may be able to develop her resources at a rate which will allow her, within a few decades, to match the industrial power of both Russia and America.

Lord Boyd Orr also found the Chinese "cautious and conservative in their claims, rather than the other way about . . ." This may sound surprising if not naïve, but it must be remembered that the author is a man of great understanding, drawing on worldwide experience and historical perspective in making his judgments. It is of great interest to note the conclusions reached by a man of this caliber, particularly the following: ". . . we have the definite impression that the Chinese are too flexible to allow themselves to be strait-jacketed by copying anything [vis-à-vis Russia] unless it suits their purpose, and the present shape of things may ultimately develop into something very different."

In a succinct chapter on Chinese history these sentences are worth quoting in full:

> We tend to evaluate Asia in military terms. . . . But it is by the

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West's willingness to help change his economic and social environment that the Asian will judge us. In China the Communists won because they took the part of the peasant against the landlord, not because they had the backing of Russia. And elsewhere in Asia the same landlord-peasant conflict cries out for resolution.

But, is anybody listening?

It is ironic that in many ways Mr. William Stevenson has probably more information, a wider canvas on which to paint, and more experience in and around China than the other authors. His book, however, suffers from a welter of irrelevant information, placing as much emphasis on the bizarre and sensational as on the important and significant. Hepped-up journalese (the chapter headings might be headlines in a tabloid newspaper) and the constant opinionating obscure worth-while information that this book might have provided. This is to be regretted especially at this time, for, as a Canadian correspondent, Mr. Stevenson has traveled widely in the areas where China has historically flexed her border muscles when she was feeling aggressive. Mr. Stevenson talks around this subject, but as in everything else he deals with most of the important facts are either missing or buried beneath a torrent of inconsequentialities.

Finally, let us hope that at least two of these books will help towards a clearer understanding of what is happening in China. Until Americans can themselves go and see what these books reveal, others must be relied upon to report objectively on what they see—be it good or bad. Here is the evidence and it is impressive—too impressive to be ignored. So is China.

—*From "Impatient Giant."*

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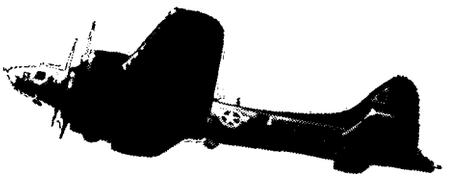

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String of Islands Tied to a Man

—PIX.

President Sukarno—"Walking a tightrope."

"The Story of Indonesia," by Louis Fischer *(Harper. 341 pp. $5), reviews the history of the "spice islands" and limns its dominant personality today. Arnold C. Brackman, who is a member of The News of the Week in Review staff of* The New York Times, *has spent almost ten years in Southeast Asia, where he came to know Sukarno and other Indonesian leaders intimately during the nation's revolution.*

By Arnold C. Brackman

LOUIS FISCHER has been writing about men and politics for about forty years. In this book he tells "the story of Indonesia." A better title, perhaps, is "Sukarno's Indonesia," for that is what it is; as Fischer notes, "Five minutes after the beginning of [a private] discussion in Indonesia it becomes a discussion about President Sukarno."

Indonesia is a remote place and a new name. Briefly, it is the "spice islands" of yesterday, a string of islands girdling the periphery of Southeast Asia —a land of 86,000,000 people, the biggest Moslem nation on earth, the richest country in raw materials after the U.S. and the USSR. At the end of World War II, after more than 300 years of Dutch colonial rule, a band of young Indonesians prodded Sukarno into proclaiming the unity and independence of the islands. Four years later, after alternating periods of war, truce, and negotiation, the Netherlands and world recognized Indonesia's birth as a sovereign nation.

The days since independence have been tumultuous. Indonesia has been wracked by revolts, coups, and countercoups by Moslem extremists, Communist and secular anti-Communist factions alike. The turmoil has been accompanied by social upheaval and economic decline. Sukarno has been the only constant, outriding every blast. How does Fischer tackle "the story of Indonesia" and Sukarno?

In "Part I. The Past: Romance, Gods, and Guilders" he recapitulates East Indies history largely from the time of Marco Polo, "the first Christian and European known to have seen Indonesia." This half ends at the transfer of sovereignty, Christmas week, 1949, with the U.N. and the U.S. as Minerva, bearing the Gorgon head of colonialism. Fischer's problem in this section of the book is the familiar one faced by many writers on remote places: his story is too detailed for most, not detailed enough for the few.

The second half—"Part II. The Present: Persons, Places, and Problems"—more than makes up for earlier deficiencies. Here Sukarno and Indonesia spring to life. The book becomes a personal journal. The pace is lively, and the story is dotted with crisp anecdotes and firsthand observations. Fischer portrays Sukarno in many moods as "a kind of republican sultan, democratic in personal relations, aristocratic in the concept of his role in public affairs." The dialogues between Sukarno and Fischer range in depth from a serious debate on international affairs to the President's delight in lewd repartee. Fischer must have wrestled with his conscience writing about Sukarno. He likes the President and tells us, "I was obviously fond of him." And the President admired Fischer and told him, "[Louis] I know you are a fighter. That's why I like you."

Fischer concedes that Sukarno "wanted power" but, in Fischer's view, not the power "of compelling obedience, of subjecting others to one's will." He writes, "There must be elements of this in Sukarno's desire for power, but I do not believe that it is the essence."

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Rather, he suggests, Sukarno's pleasure in power "is the possibility to stage-manage, rearrange, sway masses, express his personality, exert influence, display showmanship." But Fischer notes, "He took support where he found it. His first criterion was, Are they for me?"

The author found Sukarno walking a tightrope and was impressed. He works diligently to portray him favorably and his picture is sympathetic. And although he never really takes up the charges of Sukarno's opponents (almost all of them now broken politically) that the Indonesian President is opportunistic, vainglorious, and a demagogue, Fischer's criticisms are implied.

He notes that at one time "the country grew enough rice to feed itself" but last year imported 700,000 tons at a cost of $100 million. But Sukarno repeatedly told him, "We could feed 250 million." Fischer attributes the growth of the Indonesian Communist Party into the largest in the nation partly to Sukarno's flirtation (now waning) with the Communists—in Fischer's words, "naïve as it was unwise." In his opinion, the primary reason for Indonesia's economic descent is the failure of administration, of the "executive branch." Yet when Fischer ascribes to "Communist influence" the government's seizure of Dutch properties in 1957—against the advice of every responsible figure in Indonesian political life – Sukarno, who is anything but a Communist, corrects him and declares, "No. It was I who ordered the seizure of Dutch enterprises."

THIS book is not as provocative as Fischer's works on Russia and Gandhi. He never really brings his artillery up from the rear. Perhaps Sukarno is the road block. Fischer is not the first nor will he be the last, to fall under the sway of that charismatic personality. But he concludes on this note: "Asia and Africa will soon discover that nationalism is not enough and that no ism satisfies. The proper purpose of politics is man."

Your Literary I. Q.

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SCHOOL IS KEEPING

The teacher has long been celebrated in song and story, verse and prose. Mrs. D. Y. Holcomb offers a group of pertinent quotations and asks you to identify the quoted books, stories, or poems and their authors. Answers on page 54.

1. "As a schoolmaster," said Eugene, "you are always being heard. That ought to content you."
2. This notion of beating education into young savages in spite of themselves dashed his ardor.
3. There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
   The village master taught his little school;
   A man severe he was, and stern to view;
   I knew him well and every truant knew.
4. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's history of New England witchcraft.
5. Where is my boy, my boy . . . .
   The boy I loved best of all in the school?
   I, the teacher, the old maid, the virgin heart,
   Who made them all my children.
6. Schoolmistresses' letters are to be trusted no more nor less than churchyard epitaphs.
7. The pedagogue did in countenance very nearly resemble that gentleman who, in the Harlot's Progress, is seen correcting the ladies in Bridewell.
8. For Education is, Making Men:
   So is it now, so was it when
   Mark Hopkins sat on one end of a log
   And James Garfield sat on the other.
9. Miss Chetwynd, simpering momentarily, came forward with that self-conscious, slightly histrionic air which is one of the penalties of pedagogy. . . . She was a pinched virgin, aged forty and not "well-off."
10. Grave is the master's look: his forehead wears
    Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares:
    Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,
    His worst of all whose kingdom is a school.

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Disarmament

Continued from page 28

Nations should be held to consider the fundamental questions concerned with the making of a durable peace.

What are these questions:

First, how can we free the United Nations from the near-paralysis of a unanimous voting system in the Security Council and a one-nation-one-vote system in the General Assembly? In the Security Council, a nation that may be involved in a dispute has the technical power to prevent others from considering that dispute or acting upon it. In the General Assembly, three nations with a combined population of ten millions can outvote one nation with a population twenty times larger.

Second, the powers of the various branches of the United Nations have never been properly defined. No doubt this is caused by the fact that the United Nations was set up for the purpose of administering the peace, if the nations wanted peace, rather than for the purpose of creating and maintaining the peace, regardless of the disposition of individual nations, large or small.

In any event, it is vital that the functions and responsibilities of the various branches of the United Nations be redefined in the light of the requirements of working world law.

We have a fairly good idea of what the privileges of membership in the United Nations should be. But what about the obligations? What, in short, are the rules of international conduct that should be part of any functioning system of world law?

How much constituted authority is to be vested in the Secretariat? At present, the Secretariat's job seems to be to take over wherever and whenever the Security Council or the General Assembly seem unable to decide. But even here, the Secretary-General is expected to resolve situations without the necessary administrative authority.

Next, we have the problem of determining not solely whether the United Nations is to have a permanent police force but the relationship of the size of that force to the existing national forces. There is, of course, a high symbolic value in any force wearing the uniform of the United Nations, however small that force may be. But peace is too important to be left largely to symbols. The problem of a peace force is to create a force strong enough to keep the peace.

Here we come to the heart of the matter. The size and strength of the United Nations peace force depends on the relative strength of the national armed forces. The best way to create an effective United Nations peace force is to reduce the national military establishments.

Therefore, we create an effective United Nations peace force by doing two things. First, by giving the United Nations the authority to carry out compulsory and enforceable disarmament among the nations. Second, by equipping the United Nations with a small but adequate force of its own, sufficient at any rate to act as a deterrent to lawbreakers.

One of the major questions then to be considered by the United Nations, if it is to become a functioning agency empowered to keep the peace, has to do with its authority to carry out a disarmament program with proper safeguards.

Another central fact that has relevance here is that the moment a police force is created, it is important to know what the laws are that must be enforced. Also what are the protections and balances that will guard against the abuse of that force? Finally, how do we go about instituting the due process that is at the heart of workable law?

In short, our concern must be for the life of the United Nations itself.

We may not be able to make of the United Nations a perfect instrument completely capable of dealing swiftly and justly with every major problem as soon as it arises. But what we can do is to define the big need for what it is. Just in the act of facing up to existing weaknesses, we create a situation of strength.

Our aim is to create peace with justice in the world. If peace with justice is not obtainable through the United Nations it is obtainable nowhere.

That is why the General Assembly should move as quickly as it can, under the Charter, to review the present structure and composition of the United Nations and to consider such ideas as can enable the United Nations to become what it should have been from the start —an agency possessing the means and the wisdom to create a rule of law and to make our planet a less precarious place for man.

—CARLOS P. ROMULO.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Our Mutual Friend" (Dickens—the teacher is Bradley Headstone). 2. "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" (Edward Eggleston) 3. "The Deserted Village" (Goldsmith). 4. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" (Irving—the teacher is Ichabod Crane). 5. "Emily Sparks" (in "Spoon River Anthology," by Edgar Lee Masters). 6. "Vanity Fair" (Thackeray). 7. "Tom Jones" (Fielding—the teacher is Mr. Thwackum). 8. "Education" (Arthur Guiterman). 9. "The Old Wives' Tale" (Bennett). 10. "The School-Boy" (Oliver Wendell Holmes).

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Continued from page 15

Europe showed signs of this kind of strength, and the resultant spark that we found springing up in the headlines both here and abroad seems to indicate that this is the sort of attack that will do the trick. Whether the approach can seep through and cope with all the advantages which the USSR has achieved in the past through their spectacular scientific feats, vigorous control of the press, and the consistently remarkable sense of timing on the part of their leaders is difficult to tell. However, if we believe that we do have the innate strength as a society to survive in the merciless competition in which we now find ourselves, then we must look to this aggressive kind of leadership. In all probability, it alone can create the public-opinion climate in which the world will come to recognize the validity of the role that the free world must play in the future.

In addition, we must become sensitive to the fact that headlines are going to continue to be crucial in this public relations war. Our leaders must be increasingly alert to the reactions of the world press and keep in mind that they are being closely scrutinized by a vast international audience. We can no longer afford to take a back seat in this critical psychological struggle. For the battle of the headlines may decide which system will emerge from the conflict with the greatest power, and thus set the pace and direction of the world of the future.

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4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.) 209,714.

(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September 1959, Nathan Cohn, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1960.)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1333

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Large island off New England coast (2 wds.).	133 77 29 4 176 115 53 146 74 23 89 / 131 120 19 110
B. Slight indentation on any surface.	139 201 26 94 165 196
C. Arbitrament.	32 141 57 22 128 103 64 162
D. Left one of two animals harnessed to a vehicle (2 wds.).	151 10 195 130 161 173 60 101 25
E. Large island off New England coast.	61 55 186 167 86 49 78 68 175
F. The "Brunel of America" (1810-62).	48 83 136 126 123
G. Canine.	90 85 152 9 198 44 17
H. Indecorously.	38 149 107 87 5 142 28 88 116 180
I. Instrument for measuring electric current.	179 58 202 45 160 72 93
J. Occupied again.	56 34 16 191 8 122
K. Marshy plain in NE Alaska, 200 miles long by 10 to 20 wide (2 wds.).	35 182 13 50 169 6 42 30 70 100
L. The TV dragon.	40 111 11 43 125
M. The "movies" in England.	138 51 12 91 114 163
N. A disease featuring difficult breathing.	181 65 129 47 189 81
O. Containing many rooms.	97 124 7 174 1 36 33 177 39
P. "Cannot be cooked without breaking eggs."	137 76 99 82 193 158
Q. Specifying the first Parliament under Charles I, June 28-August 12, 1625.	106 3 203 143 14 188 80
R. Official name of West Bengal's seat of learning, famous for its Sanskrit schools.	69 108 178 164 18 156 150 27
S. Inattentive; inconsiderate.	200 54 59 184 170 159 166 153 79 132 96
T. Music direction, slow down gradually (Italian).	194 187 46 145 75 52 168 121 105 113
U. Béranger wrote a famous song about the king of this little region, now a town of France, 1813.	190 118 134 197 112 102
V. Externally; beyond.	66 117 183 71 20 95 15
W. Want of restraint.	41 104 31 144 185 21 119 172 73 109 199 154
X. Mode; style.	171 140 148 67 62 92 192
Y. Indispensably.	147 37 155 2 63 24 157 127 135 98 84

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 0	2 Y	3 Q	4 A		5 H	6 K		7 O	8 J	9 G		10 D		11 L	12 M
13 K	14 Q		15 V	16 J	17 G		18 R	19 A	20 V	21 W		22 C	23 A		24 Y	25 D
26 B	27 R	28 H	29 A	30 K	31 W	32 C	33 O	34 J		35 K	36 O	37 Y		38 H		39 O
40 L		41 W		42 K	43 L	44 G	45 I		46 T	47 N	48 F		49 E	50 K	51 M	52 T
	53 A	54 S	55 E	56 J	57 C		58 I	59 S	60 D	61 E	62 X	63 Y	64 C	65 N		66 V
67 X	68 E	69 R		70 K	71 V	72 I		73 W	74 A	75 T		76 P	77 A	78 E	79 S	80 Q
	81 N	82 P	83 F		84 Y	85 G	86 E	87 H		88 H	89 A	90 G		91 M	92 X	93 I
94 B	95 V	96 S	97 O	98 Y	99 P	100 K		101 D	102 U	103 C	104 W	105 T		106 Q	107 H	
108 R	109 W	110 A		111 L	112 U	113 T	114 M		115 A	116 H	117 V	118 U	119 W		120 A	121 T
122 J		123 F	124 O	125 L		126 F	127 Y	128 C	129 N	130 D	131 A		132 S	133 A	134 U	135 Y
136 F		137 P	138 M		139 B	140 X	141 C	142 H		143 Q	144 W	145 T	146 A	147 Y	148 X	
149 H	150 R	151 D	152 G	153 S	154 W	155 Y		156 R	157 Y	158 P	159 S		160 I	161 D	162 C	
163 M	164 R	165 B	166 S		167 E	168 T	169 K	170 S		171 X	172 W	173 D	174 O		175 E	176 A
177 O		178 R	179 I	180 H		181 N	182 K	183 V	184 S	185 W	186 E		187 T	188 Q		189 N
190 U		191 J	192 X	193 P	194 T	195 D	196 B	197 U	198 G	199 W		200 S	201 B	202 I	203 Q	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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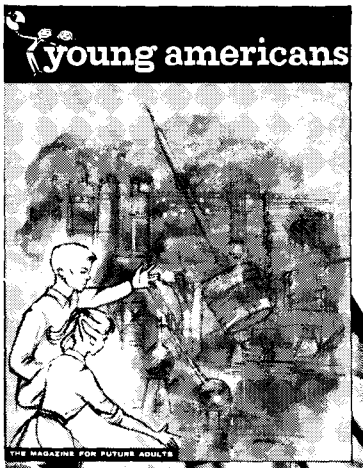

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